

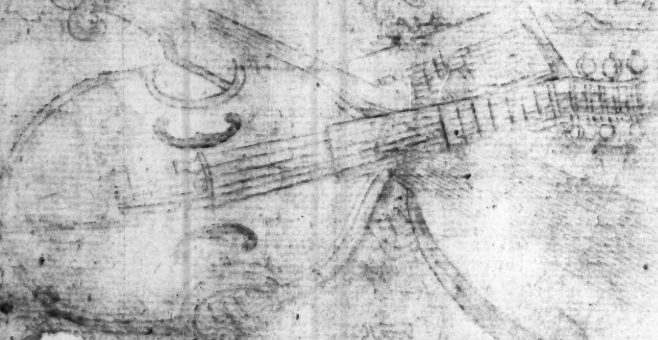
THE SECOND BOOK of the
Pleasant Musical Companion:
BEING
A New Collection of Select Catches, Songs, and
Glee's, for Two and Three Voices.

The Second Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged.



THE SECOND BOOK of the
Familiar and Select Collection:
BEING
A New Collection of Select Carols, Songs, and
Dances, for Two and Three Voices.

The Second Edition, Corrected, and much Enlarged.




P R E F A C E.







OF this *Second Volume* of the *Musical Companion* a small Impression was Printed and Published above two Years since, of which I have a considerable Number yet remaining, it being not so compleat and well done to my mind as I could have wish'd afterwards, and being not printed in a Volume to joyn with the First Book. These Reasons did hasten me sooner than I intended to a Second Edition, and to leave out several of those *Catches* not suitable to the present Mode, and to add many new ones; and also, in the last Part of this Book I have joyned many new *Songs* for Two Voices, never before printed; and also some old revived *Songs* sometime sung at the *Theaters*. All which, I doubt not, but to many Judicious Lovers of *Musick* will be very acceptable; having herein taken no small Pains and Care to have True Copies from the Composers, and truly printed, upon which account I also Recommend my *First Volume*, entituled, *The Musical Companion*, tho' published ten Years since, which is a very excellent Magazine of *Vocal Musick*, containing four several Varieties of Musick in one compleat Volume, viz. In the first Part, 100 Choice Select *Catches*; in the second Part, 6 *Dialogues*, and 33 *Songs* and *Aires* for two Voices, *Cantus* and *Bassus*; the third Part contains 60 *Songs* and *Aires* for three Voices, *Cantus*, *Medius*, and *Bassus*; in the fourth and last Part are 12 *Songs* and *Aires* for four Voices, *Cantus*, *Medius*, *Tenor*, and *Bassus*: All which are contained in one Volume, and the Parts so printed, that the several persons may sing their Parts out of that one Book. These two Volumes contain most of the choicest *Catches* and *Songs*, which have been Compos'd by most of the eminent *English Masters* for above this 30 Years last past, wherefore I leave these as my *Ultimum Vale* of this kind of *Musick*, and heartily wish, That they may prove *useful* and *pleasant* to all true *Composers* and *Lovers of Vocal Musick*.

John Playford

Table of the Catches and Rounds for Three and Four Parts, in this Book

Note: Those Catches that are marked thus , were not printed before.

A.	Number.		Number.
Labo' jolly Tom, great Fame thou hast won	18	Had she not care enough of the old man	3
At Health to the Nut-brown Lass	27	How happy a thing were a Wedding	4
As I went over Tawny Marsh	33	Here lyeth Simons, cold as Clay	1
A Hoghead was offer'd to Bacchus his Shrine	56	Have you not in a Chiquney seen, a Fagot that is moist	4
B.			
Be gone old Care, and I prethee be gone from me	13	 I would I were in my Father's Mill	1
Be jolly my friend for the money we spend	15	 Joan Easie got her, a Nap and a Sledge	2
C.		Joan has been gallopping	3
Come fill all the Glasses	5	I'll tell my Mother, my Jenny cries,	2
Come let us drink, and never think	36	John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill	2
Come my Heares, how are you inclin'd	41	Joan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing	2
Come my pretty Wenches more nimble than Eels	51	 I have lost my dear Dy—na, therefore will I cry	2
Come my Heares, play your parts	53	I lay with an old man all the night	2
D.		If all true Friends of good Liquor now	2
Drink on, 'till Night be spent	3	E.	
F.		 Let us love and drink our Liquor	2
Full Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a beautiful Face	4	Let Chrystal White-wine clear the drowsy mind	2
Fye! may! prethee John! do not quarrel, Man,	10	M.	
From twenty to thirty, good night, and good morrow	58	My Wife has a Tongue as good as e're twang'd	2
G.		O.	
God preserve His MAJESTY	23	Once I did see a Maid with a Barker	2
God indeed! the Herb's good Weed, [On Tobacco.]	64	Once in our lives let's drink to our Wives	2
H.		Q.	
Hark, the bonny Christchurch Bells	1	Quoth the Thatcher to his man	2
Here's that will challenge all the Fair	7	S.	
Here's the Rarities of the whole Fair	8	Strange News from the Rose boys	2
Honest Ralph was a Merchant's man	11	Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch	2

I

H

Ark! the bonny Christchurch Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they sound so wondrous great, so

wond'rous sweet, and they trowl so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and second Bell, that e-ve-ry day at

Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops be-fore the Dean:

Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine; to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a Man will

leave his Can, till he hears the mighty Tom.


2






















W





Hen Judith had laid Ho-li-fer-nes in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head; the

reason is plain, he'd have made her his Where, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.

Table of the Catches and Rounds for Three and Four Parts, in this Book.

Note: Those Catches that are marked thus , were not printed before.

A.	Number.
 Lebo-jolly Tom, great Fame thou hast won	18
 A Health to the Nut-brown Lads	27
 As I went over Tawny Marsh	33
 A Hoghead may offer'd to Bacchus his Shrine	56
B.	
 Be gone old Care, and I prethee be gone from me	13
 Be jolly my friend for the money we spend	15
C.	
 Come fill all the Glasses	3
 Come let us drink, and never think	36
 Come my Hearts, how are you inclin'd	41
 Come my pretty Wenches more nimble than Eels	51
 Come my Hearts, play your parts	53
D.	
 Drink on, till Night be spent	3
E.	
 Full Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a beautiful Face	4
 Fly, may! prethee John! do me quarrel, Man,	10
 From twenty to thirty, good night, and good morrow	58
G.	
 God preserve His MAJESTY	23
 Good indeed! the Herb's good Weed, [On Tobacco.]	64
H.	
 Hark, the bonny Christchurch Bells	1
 Here's that will challenge all the Fair	7
 Here's the Rarities of the whole Fair	8
 Honest Ralph was a Merchants man	11

	Number.
Had she not care enough of the old man	38
How happy a thing were a Wedding	40
Here lyeth Simons, cold as Clay	43
Have you not in a Chimney seen, a Fagot that is moist	47
I.	
 I would I were in my Father's Mill	16
 Joan Easie got her a Nap and a Sledge	19
Joan has been galloping	20
I'll tell my Mother, my Jenny cries,	23
John ask'd his Landlady, thinking no ill	25
Joan, Joan, for your part, you love kissing	27
 I have lost my dear Dy—na, therefore will I cry	39
I lay with an old man all the night	54
If all true Friends of good Liquor now	61
L.	
 Let us love and drink our Liquor	50
Let Chrystal White-wine clear the dromzy mind	55
M.	
My Wife has a Tongue as good as e're twang'd	62
O.	
Once I did see a Maid with a Basket	26
Once in our lives let's drink to our Wives	35
Q.	
Quoth the Thatcher to his man	48
S.	
Strange News from the Rose boys	46
Sing merrily now my Lads, here's a Catch	62

H

Ark! the bonny *Christchurch* Bells, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; they sound so woundy great, so

wond'rous sweet, and they trow so mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Hark! the first and second Bell, that e-ve-ry day at

Four and Ten, cries, Come, come, come, come, come to Pray'rs, and the Virger troops be-fore the Dean:

Tinkle, tinkle, ting, goes the finall Bell at Nine, to call the Beerers home; but the Dev'l a Man will

leave his Can, 'till he hears the mighty *Tom*.

W

Hen *Judith* had laid *Holifernes* in Bed, she pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head; the

reason is plain, he'd have made her his Where, so she cut off his Head as I told you before, as I told you before.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell,

3 **D**rink on, drink on, drink on, 'till Night be spent, and Sun do shine, did not the Gods give
anxious Mortals Wine, to wash all Care, to wash all Care and Trouble from the Heart? why then so soon,
why then so soon shou'd Jo—vial Fel—lows part? Come let this Bumper, let this Bumper for the
next make way, who's sure to live, who's sure to live, and drink a—no—ther day.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

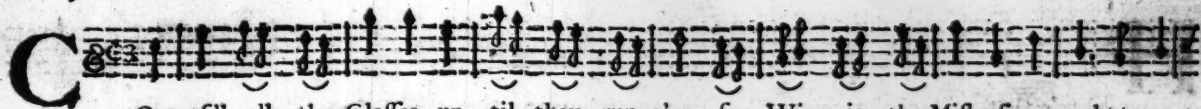
4 **F**ull Bags, a brisk Bottle, and a beau-ti—ful Face, are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals em—
brace; but, alas! we grow Muck-worms if Bags do but fill, and a boh-ny gay Dame of—ten ends in a
Pill: Then hey for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne're wast, by a Bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaff.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Jackson.

5



Ome fill all the Glasses, un—til they run o're, for Wine is the Mistrefs we ought to a-



dore; since Women are fickle fan—ta—sti—cal Toys, fit on—ly for Fools and ignorant Boys: 'Tis



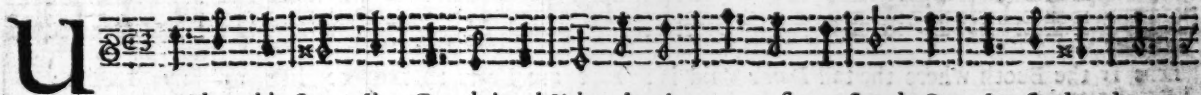
Wine, pure Wine, brisk Wine alone, gives Mirth, and makes us mer—ry Boys.

A. 3. Voc.

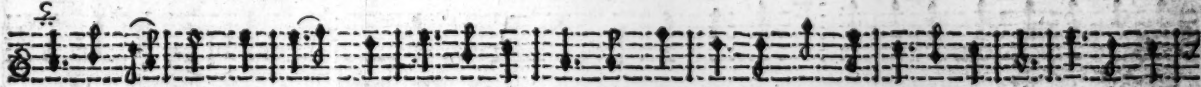
[An old Epitaph.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

6



nder this Stone lies Ga—bri—el John, in the year of our Lord, One thousand and one;



cover his Head with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with Turf or Stone, 'tis all one: Pray for the



Soul of gen—tle John, if you please you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.



Here's that will challenge all the Fair, come buy my Nuts and Damsons, my Bur-ga-my Pear;



Here's the Whore of *Ba-by-lon*, the De-vil and the Pope, the Girl is just a going on the Rope:



Here's *Dives* and *La-z-a-rus*, and the World's Creation, here's the *Dutch* Woman, the like's not in the Nation;



Here is the Booth where the tall *Dutch* Maid is, here are Bears that dance like a—ny Ladies:



To—ta, to—ta, tot, goes the lit—tle Pe—ny Trumpet, here's your *Jacob Hall* that can jump it, jump it;

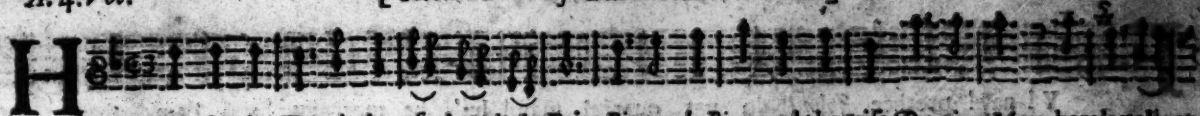


Sound Trumpet, sound, a Sil-ver Spoon and Fork, come here's your dainty Pig and Pork.

A. 4. Voc.

[Second Part of Bartholomew Fair.]

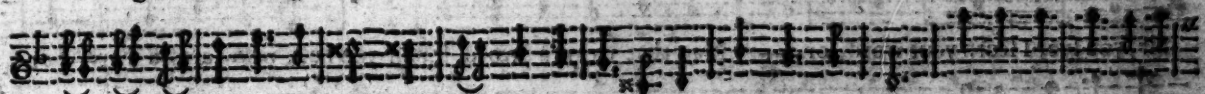
8



Ere is the Ra-ri-ties of the whole Fair, *Pimper-le Pimp*, and the wife *Dancing Mar*; here's vallant



St. George and the *Dragon*, a Farce, a Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her Ar-: Here is *Pl*



en-na besieg'd, a rare thing, and here's *Pun-chi-nel-lo*, shown thrice to the King. Then Ladies mask'd to the



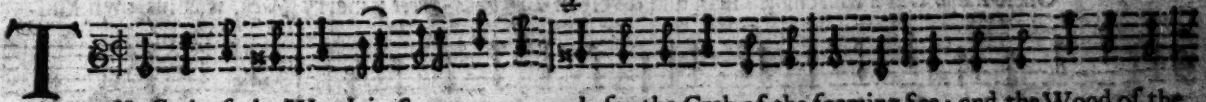
Cloyster re-pair; but there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the Fair.

A. 4. Voc.

[On a Crab-tree.]

Mr. Mich. Wise

9



He Crab of the Wood is Sawce very good, for the Crab of the foaming Sea; and the Wood of the



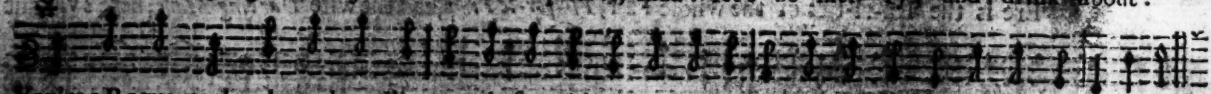
Crab is good for the Drab, that will not her Husband o-bey.

A. 3. *Voz.*

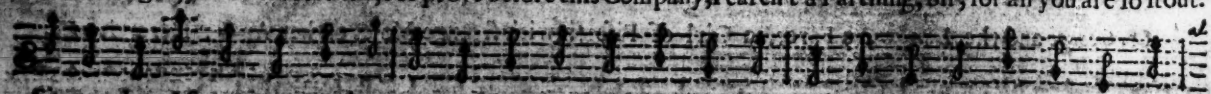
[*A chiding Catch.*]



Y! hay! prethee *John!* do not quarrel, man! let's be mer-ry, and drink about:



You're a Rogue, you've cheated me, I'll prove before this Company, I caren't a Farthing, Sir, for all you are so stout.



Sir, you lye, I scorn your word, or a—ny Man that wears a Sword, for all you hull, who cares a Tur—, or



who cares for you.

A. 3. *Voz.*

[*A Catch.*]



Onest *Ralph* was a Merchant's man, and dwelt in *Lumbard-street*; merry *Jack* was his own kinf-



man, 'tis mer-ry, 'tis mer-ry when Malt-men meet: Here is lu—sty *Darby Dale*, honell *Ralph*, let's not



part; th'other Quart, Brother *Jack*, with all my Heart.

12

W

boy shall word for when a Woman that's buxom, a Dotard does wed, 'tis a madness to think she

true to his Bed, for who can re-lift a Gallant that is young, and a Man *A-la-mode* in his

Garb, and his Tongue: His Looks have such Charms, and his Language such Force, that the

drowly Mechanick's a Quirkold of course.

A. 4. *Voc.*[A. 4. *Catch.*]

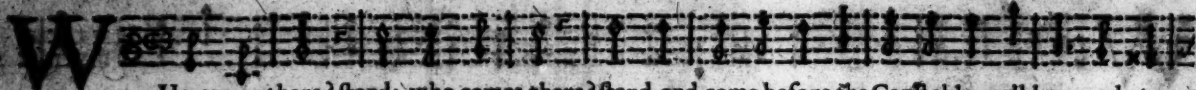
Mr. John Jackson

13

B

Egare, old Core, and I rather be gone from me, for I faith, old Core, and I shall never agree, 'tis

long thou hast liv'd with me, and fain thou would'st me kill, but I faith, old Core, thou never shalt have thy will.



Ho comes there? stand; who comes there? stand, and come before the Constable, we'll know what you



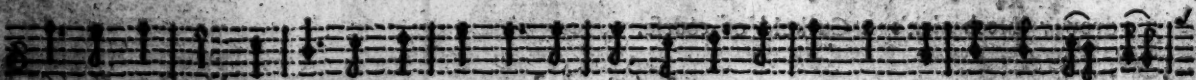
are: What makes you out so late? says the Midnight Magistrate, with a Noddle full of Ale, in a



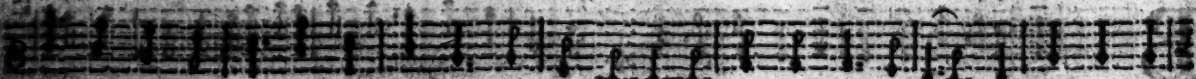
wooden Chair of State. Whence come you, Sir? and whither do you go? you may be, Sir, a Je-su-it for



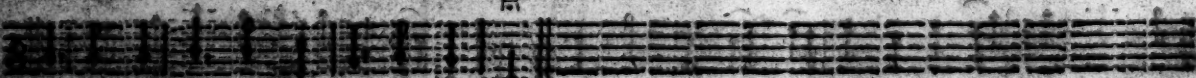
ought I know. You may as well, Sir, take me for a Ma-ho-me-tan. He speaks Latin, ferare him, he's a



dan-ge-rous Man. To tell you the truth, Sir, I am an honest To-ry; but here's a Crown to



drink, and there's an end of the Sto-ry. Good morrow, Sir, a ci-vil Man is al-ways welcom, go



Aw-ay by Jove, light the Gentleman home.


A. 4. Voc.

[A' Catch.]

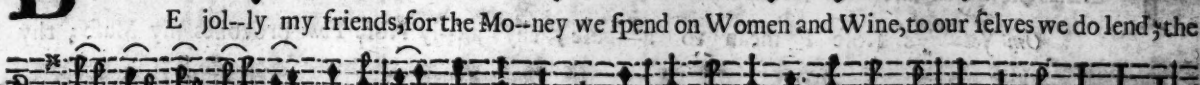
Mr. John Jackson.

15

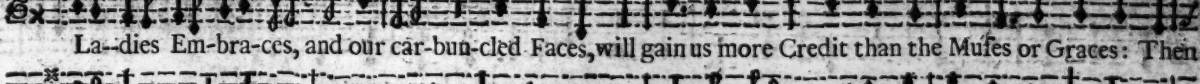
B



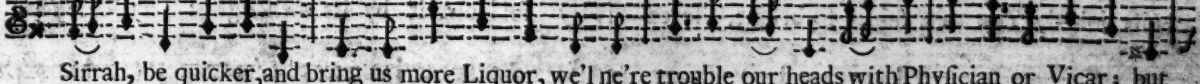
E-jol-ly my friends, for the Mo-ney we spend on Women and Wine, to our selves we do lend; the



La-dies Em-brac-es, and our car-bun-cled Faces, will gain us more Credit than the Muses or Graces: Then



Sirrah, be quicker, and bring us more Liquor, we'll ne're trouble our heads with Physician or Vicar; but



round with our Boulds, till our Passing-bell tolls, and trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.


A. 3. Voc.

[A' Catch.]


Mr. John Jackson.

16


I



Wou'd I were in my Father's Mill, where I have been of—ten found A; flat,



flat on my Back, o're a well-fill'd Sack, and whilst the Mill goes round A; round A, round A, round A, round, and



so the Mill goes round A.

A. 3. Voc.

[Tom Jolly's Nose.]

17



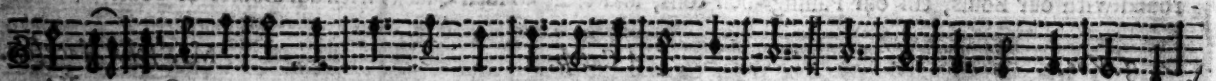
Om Jol-ly's Nose I mean to a-buse, thy jol-ly Nose Tom provokes my Muse; thy



Nose jol-ly Tom that shines so bright, I'll ea-si-ly fol-low it by its own light: Thy Nose Tom



Jol-ly no Jest it will bear, although it yields Matter enough, and to spare; but jol-ly Tom's



Nose, for all he can do, breeds Worms in it self, and in our Heads too. Tom's Nose, jol-ly Tom's Nose, the



more it is banter'd, the more it glows: Then drink to Tom Jol-ly a cooling Glas, or jol-ly Tom's



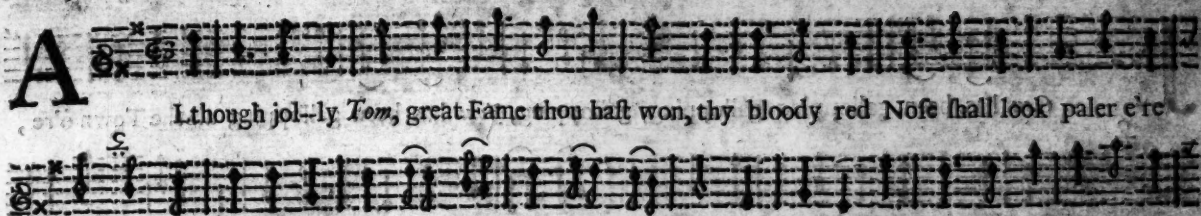
Nose will fire his Face.

A. 3. Voc.

[Answer to Tom Jolly's Nose.]

18

A



Lthoug jol-ly Tom, great Fame thou hast won, thy bloody red Nose shall look paler e're



long ; for the rate that we drink at each Night, still procures such No-ses, as would quite discountenance



yours : And when the large Bumper floats round in the close, we'll despise thee, and swear, 'tis mine Af- of a Nose.

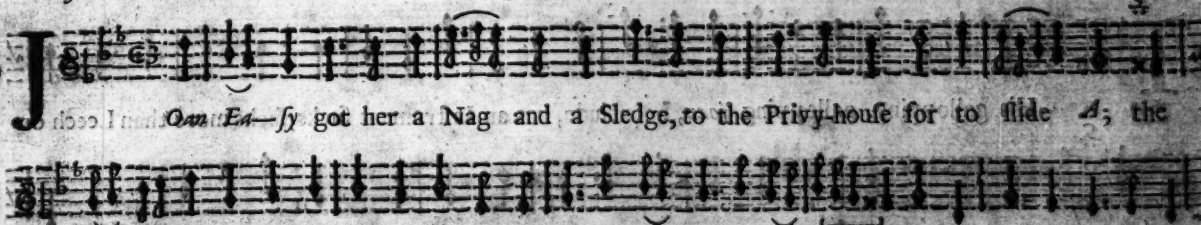
A. 3. Voc.

[In Fol. by [A Catch.] 1. 2. 3.]

Mr. John Jackson.

19

J



so soon I met *Qum* Ea—sy got her a Nag and a Sledge, to the Privy-house for to slide A; the



Hole was so foul, that she cou'd not sit, but did cack as she lay on her side A: She was not bound, for she

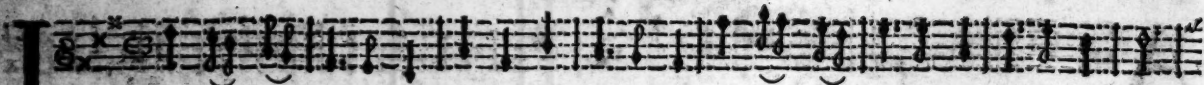




quint sent forth a sound, did stretch her Fundament wide A.

A. 3. *Voc.*

[*Gallopping Joan.*]



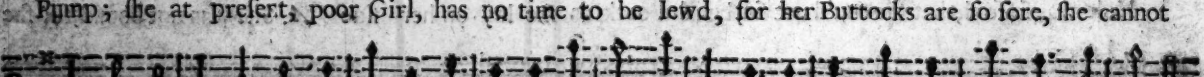
Dr. *John Blom.*

20 **J**  *Qu* has been gallopping, gallopping, gallopping, *Joan* has been gallopping all the Town o're,

till her Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, Bumfiddle, un-til her Bumfiddle was wonderous fore; without e're a

Saddle upon her old Jade, to fetch her good Man from the Alehouse trade.

A. 3. *Voc.*

[*Second Part of Gallopping Joan.*]

Mr. *Lentan.*

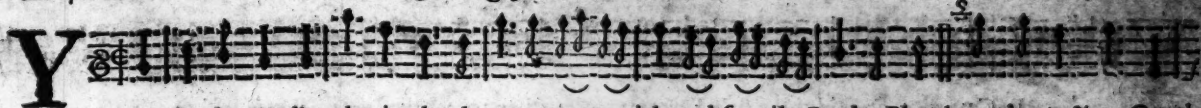
21 **T**  His gallopping, gallopping *Joan*, I conclude, has an Instrument sucks, sucks more than Leech or

Pump; she at present, poor Girl, has no time to be lewd, for her Buttocks are so fore, she cannot

jump: But however you may tickle her Virginal Rump, for plainly I see with your Mouth how you mump.

A. 4. Voc.

[Young John the Gardiner.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

22



Young John the Gard'ner having lately got a ve-ry rich and fer-tile Garden Plot; bragging to Joan, Quoth



he, so rich a Ground for Mellons, cannot in the World be found: That's a damn'd lye, quoth Joan, for I can



tell a place, that does your Garden far ex-cell: Where's that? says John; In mine Ar—, quoth Joan, for



there is store of Dung and Wa—ter all the year.

A. 4. Voc.

[The King's Health.]

Dr. John Blow.

23



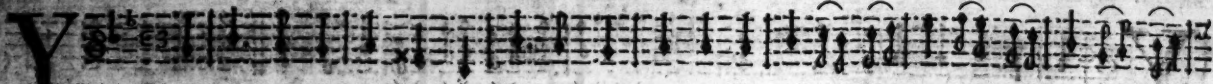
O D preserve His Ma-je-fty, and for ever send him Victory, and confound all His Enemies,



take off your Hock, Sir,

Amen,

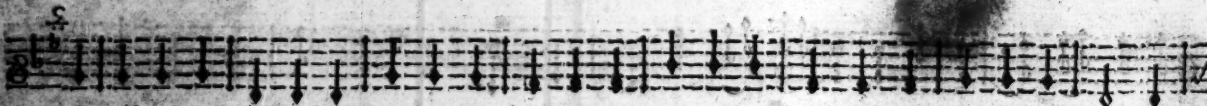
24



E Cats that at Midnight spit Love at each other, who best feel the Pangs of a passionate



Lover; I appeal to your Scratches and tattered Fur, if the business of Love be no more than to Pur.



Old Lady *Grimalkin*, with Goosberry Eyes, when a Kitten knew something for why she was wise; you



find by experience the Love-fit's soon o're, Puss, Puss, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore. Men ride many



Miles Cats tread many Tiles, both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the fray; on-ly Cats, if they



fall from a House or a Wall, keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and away.

A. 3. Voc.

[Kind Jenny.]

Dr. John Blow.

25



Le tell my Mother my Jen—ny cries, and then a poor lan-gui-shing Lover dies; but ye-



faith, I believe the Gipsy lies, for all she is so grave and wise: She longs to be tickl'd, to be



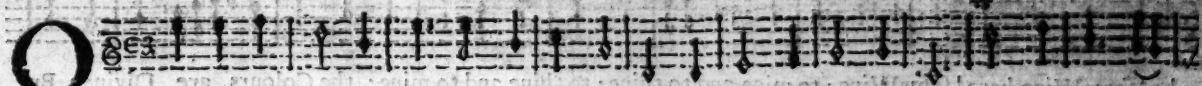
tickl'd, to be tickl'd, she longs to be tickl'd; Oh! she longs to be tickl'd.

A. 3. Voc.

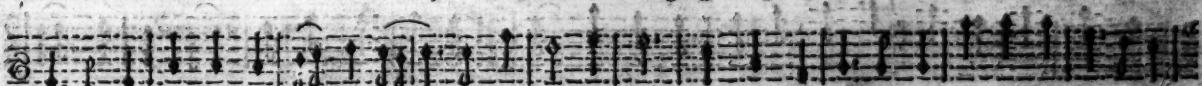
[The Maid with a Basket.]

Mr. William Turner.

26



Nce I did see a Maid, with a Basket hanging dangling on her Arm; she lay down as



soon as I ask'd it, and rose a—gain without hurt or pain; and trip'd it merrily, and trip'd it merrily,



mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, o're the Plain.

27 A



Health, a Health to the Nut-brown Lads, with the Hazle Eyes; she that has good Eyes, has



al-fo good Thighs, let it pass, let it pass: As much to the live-li-er Gray, they're as good by night as



day; she that has good Eyes, has al-fo good Thighs, drink away, drink away: I'll pledge, Sir, I'll pledge, what



ho! some Wine, here! some Wine; to mine, and to thine; to thine, and to mine; the Colours are Divine: But



Oh! the Black Eyes, the Black, give me as much again, and let it be Sack; she that has good Eyes, has

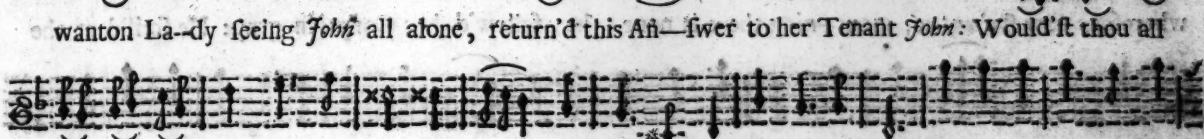
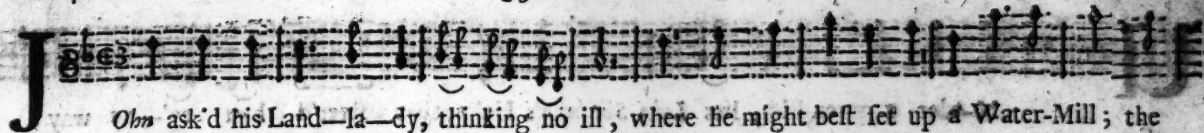


al-fo good Thighs, and a better knock.

A. 4. Voc.

[John the Miller.]

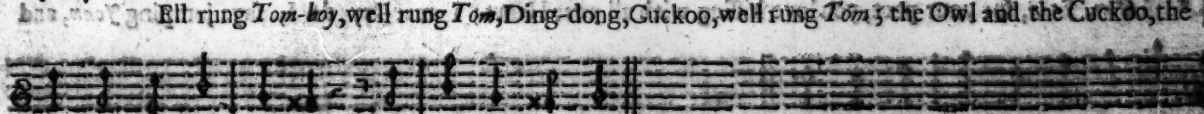
28



A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

29



Fool and the Song, well sung, Cuckoo, well rung Tom.

asom ym xom f omf or amom

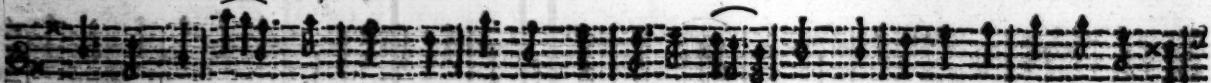
30



N—der a green Elm, lies *Luke Shepherd's* Helm, that steer'd him ev'—ry way :



wherefore now she's gone, mourning there is none, he follow'd her Corps in gray: He smil'd at the



Grave, like a flee—ring Knave, she'll tell him on't at the last day; for if we must rise with the same



Bo—dy and Eyes, she'll have the same Tongue, folks say.

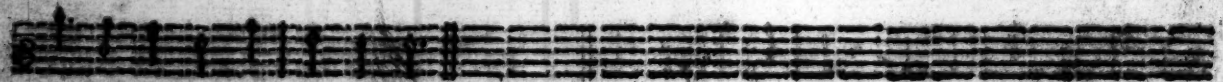
A. 3. Voc.

[*A Catch.*]

31



Now, Joan, for your part, you love kissing with all your Heart; I marry do I, says jumping Joan, and



therefore to thee I make my moan.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

32

W

ould you know how we meet o're our jol-ly full Bouts, as we min-gle our

Liquors, we min-gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong, and nothing but

friendship grows all the Night long: We drink, laugh, and gra-ti-fie ev'-ry De-fire, Love

on-ly remains, our un-quen-cha-ble Fire.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Jackson.

33

A

I went over Tawny March, there I met with a tawny Lass; tawny Hose, and tawny Shoon;

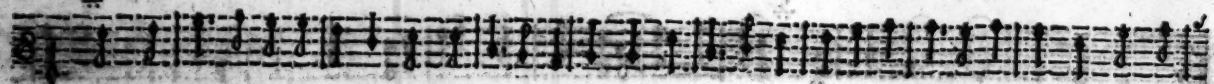
tawny Petticoat, tawny Gown; tawny Brows, and tawny Face, thy tawny Nose in her tawny Ar—

A. 3. Voc.

[Tom Tory, and Titus.]

34 **T**  22

Om To-ry told *Titus*, The *Whigs* did de-sign to murder the King, and subvert the Right-



Line: Quoth the Doctor, in a fury, you're a rascally Sor, Sir, did ever you hear of a *Protestant Plot*, Sir! Marry




have I, quoth *Tom*, and I mightily fear it; You're a *Je-su-it*, quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll swear it.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

35 **O** 

Nce in our lives let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Number be but small;



Heav'n take the best, and the De-vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To



this hearty Wish, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, 'till he fall

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Matthew Lock.



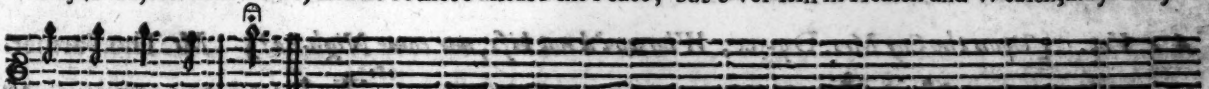
One let us drink, and never think, for Care kills a Cat, but Wine makes us fat: Then a



Health to our Royal King *James*, and His Queen, may His Reign be ever Pleasant, and ever Green; may all His



Loyal Subjects faithful be, and ne're more disturb his Peace; but e-ver still in Health and Wealth, may daily



prosper and encrease.

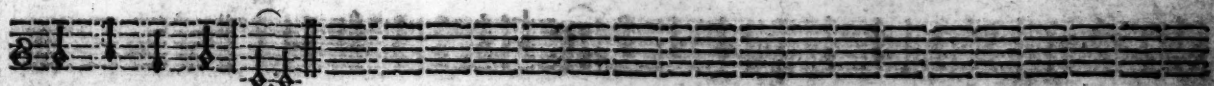
A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



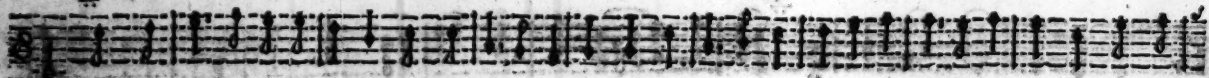
'TIS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us sad; 'tis Sadness makes us drink, and



drinking makes us mad.



Om To—ry told *Titus*, The *Whigs* did de—sign to murder the King, and subvert the Right—



Line: Quoth the Doctor, in a fury, you're a rascally *Sot*, Sir, did ever you hear of a *Protestant Plot*, Sir! Marry



have I, quoth *Tom*, and I migh—ti—ly fear it; You're a *Je—su—it*, quoth the Doctor, if you vex me, I'll swear it.



Nce in our lives let us drink to our Wives, tho' their Number be but small;



Heav'n take the best, and the De—vil take the rest, and so we shall get rid of them all: To



this hearty With, let each Man take his Dish, and drink, drink, 'till he fall.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Matthew Look.

36



Ome let us drink, and never think, for Care kills a Cat, but Wine makes us fat: Then a
Health to our Royal King *James*, and His Queen, may His Reign be ever Pleasant, and ever Green; may all His



Loyal Subjects faithful be, and ne're more disturb his Peace; but e-ver still in Health and Wealth, may daily
prosper and encrease.

A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

37



TIS Women makes us love, 'tis Love that makes us fad; 'tis Sadness makes us drink, and
drinking makes us mad.

38



Ad she not Care enough, Care enough, had she not Care enough, Care enough of the old Man; she



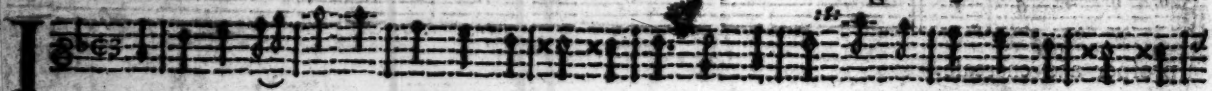
wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him, for sev'n long Winters she lif-ted him on; But



Oh! how she negl'd him, negl'd him, negl'd him! Oh! how she negl'd him all the Night long!

A. 4. Voc. [Upon the Coy Mrs. Dy-na; Who won'd not kifs, nor come Nigh-na!] Mr. Tho. Farmer.

39



'Ve left my Dear Dy', therefore will I cry, and bid her good-by; tho' I do not know why, the



Jade is so shy, my Flame to de-ny, when in Passion I fry; had she dropt from the Sky, she



ought to comply, and not still to cry like a Jilt, Fy! fy! fy! fy! Oh fy! fy!

A. 4. Voc.

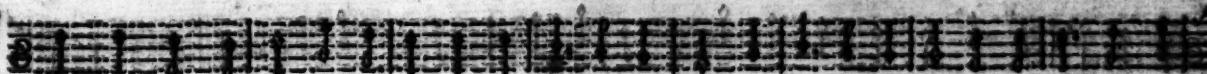
[On a Wedding.]

Mr. John Roffey.

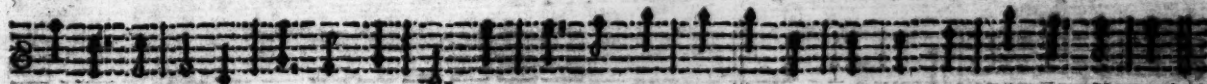
40



Ow happy a thing were a Wedding, and a Bedding, if a Man cou'd purchase a Wife for a



Twelvemonth and a day; but to live with her all a Man's life, for e-ver and aye, 'till she grow quite as



gray as a Cat, I thank you for that, good faith, Master Parson, I thank you, I thank you for that.

A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. John Reading.

41



Come my Hearts, how are you inclin'd? Let's drink off our Drink, and be ve-ry, very kind; for



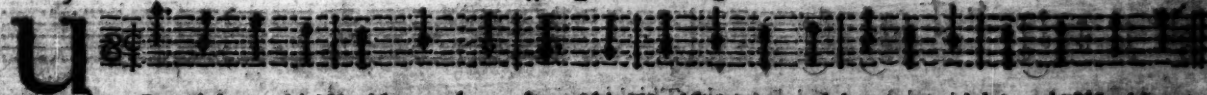
now on a sudden 'tis come in my mind, he was hang'd that left his Liquor behind.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Round.]

Mr. Lock.

42



Up and down this World goes, down, down this World goes, up and down, up and down the World goes,

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Dr. John Wilson.

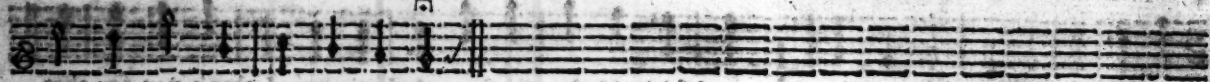
43



to see O see on Fire a boyling Pot, that is the News we do not need; a Sloven's Nose that's



full of Snot, that's no News, 'tis so agree'd: But to see a Man knit a Turd in-to a True-lover's Knot,



Oh! that's News to laugh at indeed!

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

44



O thee, to thee, and to a Maid, that kindly will up-on her Back be laid; and laugh, and sing, and



kiss, and play, and wanton; wanton out a Summer's day: Such, such a Lass, kind Friends, and Drinking,



give me Great Joy! and damn, and damn the Thinking,

A. 4. Voc.

[An EPITAPH on an honest Citizen,
and true Friend to all Claret-drinkers.]

45

Here lieth Symon cold as Clay, who whil'ft he liv'd, cry'd, who whil'ft he liv'd, cry'd, *Tip away*; and when

Death puts out his Taper, he needeth no touch, he needeth no *Touch up-on a Paper*. Now let him rest, since

he is dead, and asks not for a bit, and asks not for a bit of Bread, before he dy'd, and that is

much, for Death gave him, for Death gave him a *Ratey Touch*.

Now although this same EPITAPH was long since given,
Yet Symon's not dead, no more than any Man living.

A. 3. Voc.

[On Mun Saint.]

Mr. Mith. Wife!

46

STrange News from the *Rose Boys*, never heard before Boys, Saint upon a Sunday, he play'd away his

Clothes Boys, never such a Saint was there e-ver heard before Boys.

47

H

Ave you not in a Chimney seen, a Fagot that is moist and green, how it doth weep,

and with its Tears, sends its Complaint un—to our Ears? So fares it with a tender Maid, when first up-

on her Back she's laid : But dry Wood, like the experienc'd Dame, cracks and re-joy-ces in the Flame.

48

Uoth the Thatcher to his Man, *Jack*, what dost think? Let's raise this Ladder if we

can, but first let's drink: No Man can do more than a can, that's ve-ry plain; a Can may do's much as a

Man, that's right a—gain.

A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch on a Horse.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

49



IS ea-sie to force to the Wa-ter your Horfe, but when h'as once had his Dose, he'l no



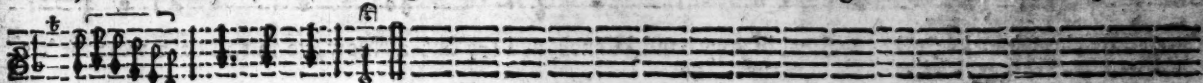
more drench his Nose; that the Creature thus wise is, from hence it a-ri-ses, he finds his chill Fuddle meer



E-le-ment and Puddle: Let the Tipple be Wine, if the Horfe proves not Swine, and drink all he's an



Afs, tho' the Thames was his Glafs; greater Man on some strand more cou-ra-gious should stand, and quaff, and



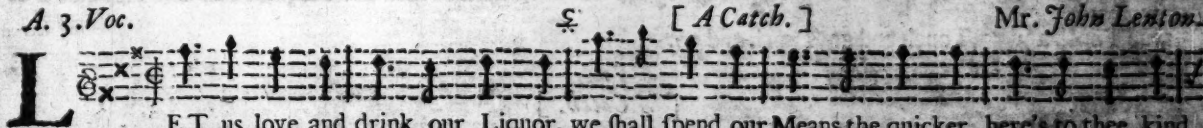
quaff Seas in a hand.

A. 3. Voc.

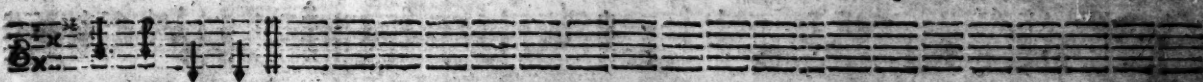
[A Catch.]

Mr. John Lenton.

50



ET us love and drink our Liquor, we shall spend our Means the quicker, here's to thee, kind



Friend, a Nicker.

A. 4. Voc.

[The Tinder-box, or Touch and go.]

55:



Come, come pretty Wenches, more nimbler than Eels, and buy my fine Boxes, my Stones, and my



Steels; let me touch but your Tinder, and you won'd admire, how quickly my Steel and my Stones will give



fire; touch and go, touch and go: They are as good Mettle as e're came in Box, to fire all your Tinder with



two or three knocks; take my Steel in your hand, Wench, and try but a blow, ye-faith I dare warrant 'tis



true Touch and go, Touch and go, Touch and go.

A. 4. Voc.

[A Catch.]

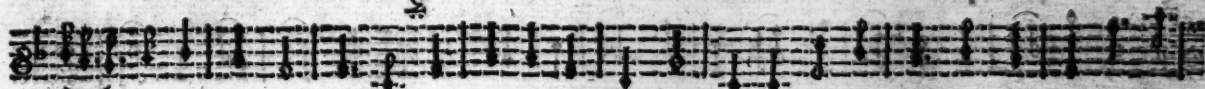


He Hart he loves the high Wood, the Hare he loves the Hill; the Knight he loves his bright Sword, the Lady loves her Will.

53



Come my Hearts, play in your parts with your Quarts, see none starts, for the King's



Health is a drinking; then to his Highness see, see there Wine is, that has pass'd the Test, above the



rest, for those Healths deserve the best. They that shrink from their Chink, from their Drink, we will

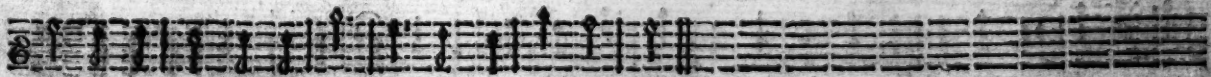


think, we will think, that of Treasons they are thinking.

54



Lay with an old Man all the Night, I turn'd to him, and he to me; he could not do so

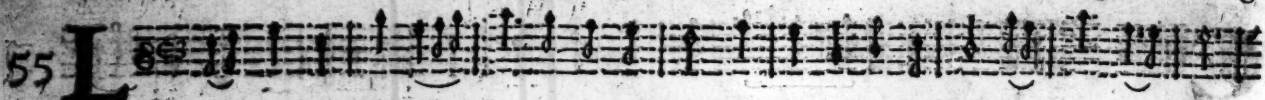


well as he should, but he would fain, but it would not be.

A. 3. Voc.

[In praise of White-wine.]

Mr. John Reading.



ET chrystal White-wine clear the drowfy Mind, 'tis Claret on-ly leaves a stain be-hind ;



in the use of which, we do *Bac-chus* disgrace, we make the God mortal, by painting his Face :

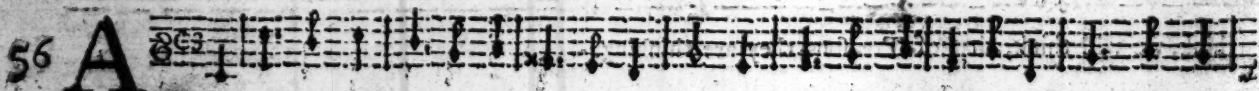


He's not like a God, whose Iniage is red ; o're Night his Cheeks blush, in the Morning they're dead.

A. 3. Voc.

[In praise of Claret.]

Mr. John Reading.



Hogthead was offer'd to *Bacchus* his Shrine, the God was of-fen-ded becaufe 'twas White-



wine ; then gurs'd in a passion, Damn't, rot it, and mar it, did it ever know *Bacchus* drink other than Claret ? So the



jol—ly red God having empty'd the White-wine, return'd the poor Vot'ry the Hogthead to shite in.



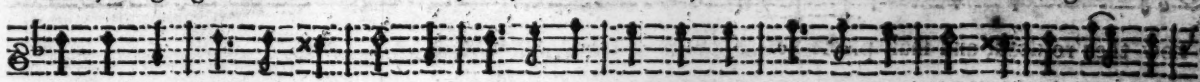
OU may talk of brisk Claret, sing Praises of Sherry, speak well of Old Hock, Mum, Sider, and



Perry, but you must drink *Punch* if you mean to be merry: A Boul of this Liquor the Gods being



all at, thought good we should know it by way of new Ballad, as fit for both ours and their Highnesses



Pallat. Then thanks to the Gods, those Tiplers a-bove us, they've taught us to drink, and therefore they



love us, and to drink ve-ry hard is all they crave of us.



From twenty to thirty, good night and good morrow; from thir-ty to forty good night or good



morrow; from forty to fif-ty as oft as ye shift ye; from thence to three-score, once a Month, and no more.

59



U^{ns} nigs! here ligs *John Digs*, and *Ri-chard Digger*, and to say the truth, to say the truth, none



knew which was the bigger; they fared well, and li-ved ea-sie, and now they're dead, and now they're dead, and

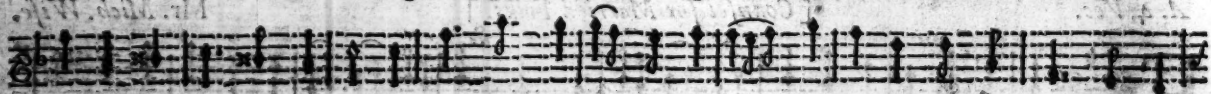


now they're dead, and shall please ye.

60



M^y Wife has a Tongue as good as e're twang'd, at ev'-ry word she bids me be hang'd; she's



ug-ly, she's old, and a curf'd Scold, with a dam-na-ble *Nunquam sa-tis*; for her Tongue and her

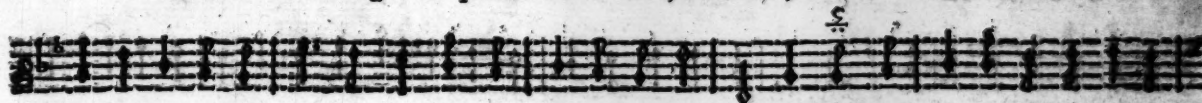


Tail, if e-ver they fail, the Deel shall have her *gratis*.

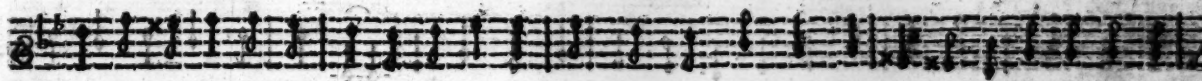
61



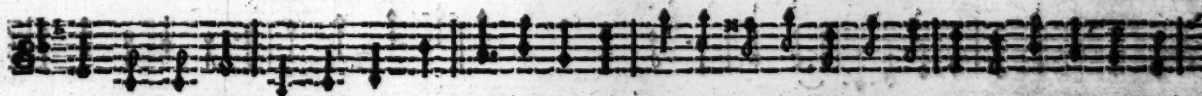
F all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to club strongly in behalf of *Small*



Beer, Small Beer, in be—half of hey—diddle, ho—diddle, hey *Small Beer*; it would all be too little the



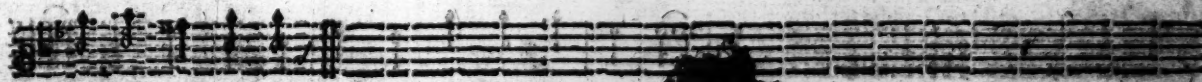
Tiff to exalt, and to make out in Metre what it wants in Malt: The *French* call it *Little Beer*, and



we call it *Small*, and we call, we call it *Small*, and some sort of People never call for't at all: But I



with all those once, at least for a warning, *Strong* o-ver night, much *Strong* over night, and no, no



Small the next morning.

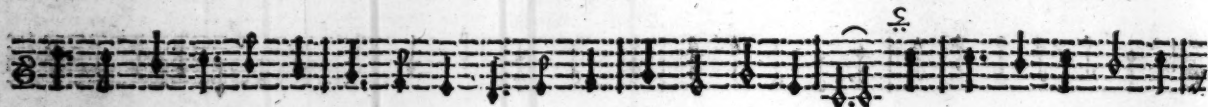
[*A Catch upon NOTHING.*]



Ing mer-ri-ly now my Lads, here's a Catch that was never meant you; but came by the Wheel of For-



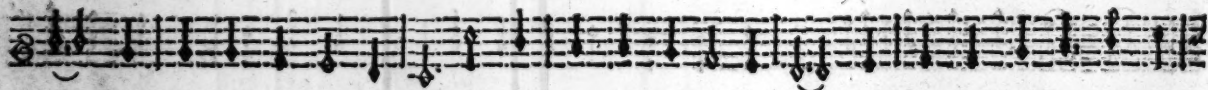
tune, without a-ny design or intent you: It happen'd that once the Author his Head was exceeding hot; a



Catch he resolv'd he would make, he would make, and he cou'd-n't tell of what. He thought of the Smoak the



Weed affords, and it vanish'd all away; he thought of fine Ladies and their fine Lords, and yet he found nothing to



say. He thought of a thousand Pound, but it wou'd-n't turn to account: He thought of the Pot, and he



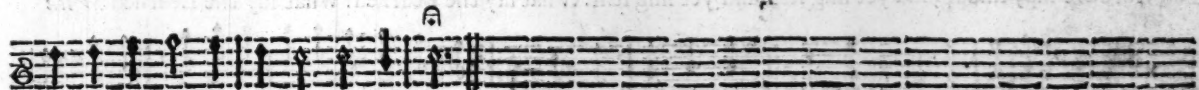
thought of the Plot, but nothing would come on't. At last he resolv'd, tho' nothing would do, that



nothing should put him by Sir ; but nothing to purpose of Nothing he'd write, and no body should be the



wiser : 'Tis nothing to you if he would do so, and if Nothing's in't you find ; then thank him for Nothing, and



that will be more than e-ver he design'd.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch in Praise of Mum.]

63



Here's an odd sort of Liquor new come from *Hamborough* 'twill stitch a whole Wapentake thorough and



thorough ; 'tis yellow, and likewise as bitter as Gall, and as strong as six Horses, Coach and all : As I



told you, 'twill make you as drunk as a Drum ; you'd fain know the Name on't, but for that my friend, MUM.

A. 4. Voc. [A Catch on Tobacco; to be sung by four Men at the time of smoaking their Pipes.]

64 **G**



Ood! good indeed! the Herb's good Weed; fill thy Pipe Will, and I prethee Sam fill, for
sure we may smoak, and yet sing still, and yet sing still. What say the Learned? what say the Learned? *Vita*
fumus, vita fumus; 'tis what you and I, and he and I; you, and he, and I, and all of us, *Sumus*. But
then to the Learned; say we again, - If Life's a Smoak as they maintain, if Life's a Vapour, without doubt,
when a Man does dye, they should not cry, that, His Glass is run, but, His Pipe is out. But whether we smoak,
or whether we sing, let's be Loyal, and remember the King; let him live, and let his Foes vanish,
thus, thus, thus, like, like a Pipe, like a Pipe of *Spanish*; thus, thus, like a Pipe of *Spanish*.



Ill you go by Water, Sir? I'm the next Sculler; go with my Fare up Westward, Sir, my



Boat shall be no fuller: Next Oars, Sir, next Oars; whither is't you go, to *Fox-hall*, or *Westminster*, or



Through-Bridge Ho? Pray Master, trim the Boat, and sit a little higher; you have a handfom Woman by you, me-



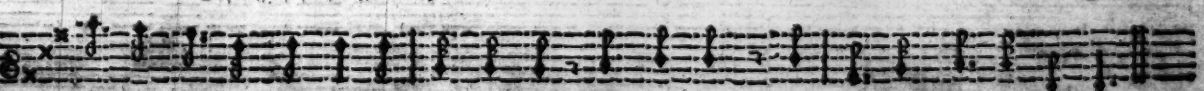
thinks you might sit nigh-er! Come Boy, lay the Stretcher, and sit down to your Oar;



You Sir! will you change a Rogue for a Whore? You Sculler! look before you, with a-pox t'ye hold water; look!



look! the Rogue runs foul of us, re-mem-ber this here-af-ter: Come land us here at *Kings-Bridge*,



Ay Sir, if you're willing: Here Waterman, there's Six-pence; Good faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

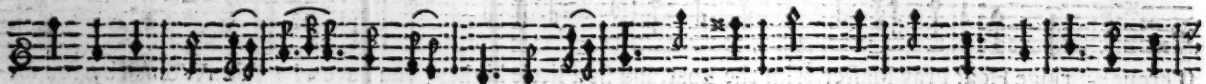
66



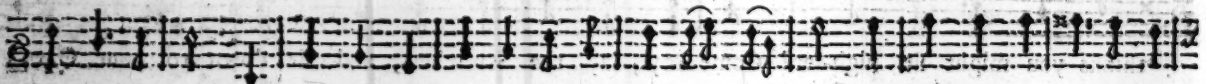
Ine, Wine in a Morning makes us Frolick and Gay, that like Eagles we soar in the



Pride of the Day, Gouty Sots in the Night on—ly find a decay. 'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape, and to



Drinking gives light, we i—mi—tate him when by Noon we're at height, they steal Wine, who take it when



he's out of sight. Boy, fill all the Glasses, fill 'em up now he shines; the higher he rises, the



more he refines; but Wine and Wit palls, as their Maker declines.



The End of the Second Part.

The Third Part, containing Choice Songs for two Voices, *Cantus & Bassus.*

A. 2. Voc.

[CANTUS.]

Mr. Richard Brown.



One Jack, come tippie off your Wine, and leave this foolish Game of Loving where Glasses



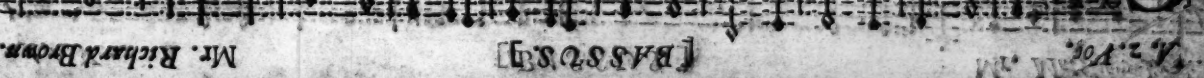
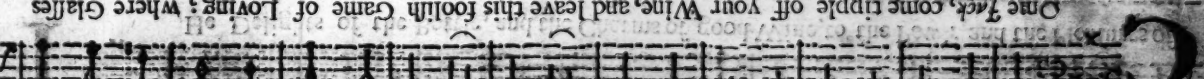
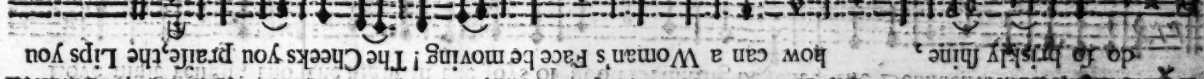
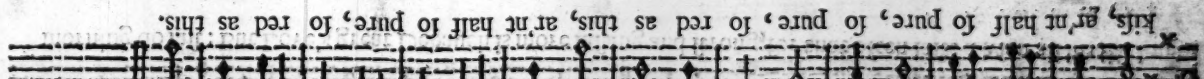
do so briskly shine, how can a Woman's Face be moving! The Cheeks you praise, the Lips you kiss, ar'nt



half so pure, so pure, so pure, so red as this, ar'nt half so pure, so red as this.

Both Care and Fears, and Sighs and Pain,
Make up your Life now you're a Lover;
And if you do at last obtain,

The happy Minute's quickly over,
But no such thing in Wine we meet,
No Joys at once are long and sweet.



Mr. Richard Brown.

[BASSUS.]

A. 2. Voc.



2

T He Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, to the Pow'r and the Pleasures of
Love must resign; tho' the night in the Joys of good Drinking be past, the Debauches but 'till the next
morning do last: But Love's great Debauch is more lasting and strong, for that often lasts a Man all his life long.

Love and Wine are the Bonds that fasten us all,
The World but for this to confusion wou'd fall;
Were it not for the Pleasures of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each Trifle their Lives wou'd resign:
They'd not value dull Life, nor wou'd live without Thinking,
Nor wou'd Kings rule the World, but for Love and good Drinkings

Love must resign; tho' the night in the Joys of good Drinking be past, the Debauches but 'till the next
morning do last: But Love's great Debauch is more lasting and strong, for that often lasts a Man all his life long.

T He Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, to the Pow'r and the Pleasures of
Love must resign; tho' the night in the Joys of good Drinking be past, the Debauches but 'till the next
morning do last: But Love's great Debauch is more lasting and strong, for that often lasts a Man all his life long.

A. 2. Voc.

[A Glee.]

CANTUS.

Mr. Matthew Lock.

3

A



Way with the Causes of Riches and Cares, that eat up our Spirits, and shortens our

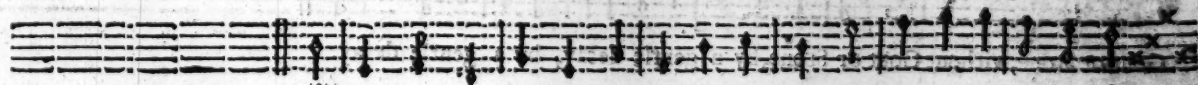


Years; no Pleasure can be in State or Degree, but 'tis mingled with Trouble and Fears: Then perish all



Fops of So-bri-e-ry dull, whilst he that is mer-ry reigns Prince of the World.

Fops of So-bri-e-ry dull, whilst he that is mer-ry reigns Prince of the World.



Years; no Pleasure can be in State or Degree, but 'tis mingled with Trouble and Fears: Then perish all



Way with the Causes of Riches and Cares, that eat up our Spirits, and shortens our

3



Mr. Matthew Lock.

BASSUS.

[A Glee.]

A. 2. Voc.

4



F I live to be old, for I find I go down, let this be my Fate: In a Country Town may I



have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate, and a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate. May I



govern my Passion with an absolute Sway, and grow wiser and better as my strength wears away, without



Gout or Stone, without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at distance wherein I may look;
With a spacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.

Chorus. May I govern, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more,
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Venison nor Teal,
And clean (tho' coarse) Linnen at every Meal.

Chorus. May I govern, &c.

With a Padding on Sunday, and stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to welcom the Vicar;
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health in as oft as I dine.

Chorus. May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow.

For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

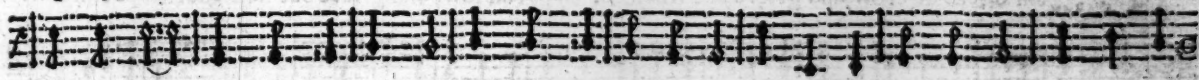
Gout or Stone, without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay, by a gentle decay.



Govern my Passion with an absolute Sway, and grow wi-fer and better as my strength wears away, without



have a warm House with a Stone at the Gate, and a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pace. May I



If I live to be old, for I find I go down, let this be my Fate: In a Country Town may I



BASS V.C.

[The Old-man's Will.]

A. 2. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

This was to follow after the 66th Catch.



Ell play'd Stephen, well, well play'd, well play'd Stephen, he that loves a Parson's Wife, that



loves, that loves a Parson's Wife, his Sins shall be forgiven, his Sins shall be forgiv'n, shall be forgiven.

A. 1. Voc.

[A Medly.]

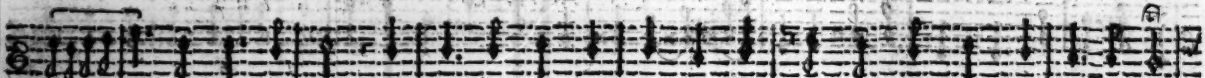
CANTO S.

J. Playford.

5



E live in Woods, we live in Groves, we scorn all Thoughts but of our Loves; we Laugh and



Quaff, 'till Cocks do crow, and grieve but when our Cups run low, and grieve but when our Cups run low.



Red is our Noses, red is our Noses, rich is our Faces, rich is our Faces, free Mettle all, free Mettle all, but of no pace.



We cannot Card, we cannot Spin, we cannot Spin, but we can drink, but we can drink all out, all out, all out, all



out that's in. We have no art to turn the Wheel, but yet we dare be bold to Reel, to Reel, be bold to Reel.



Oh! let us make our Colours roar, let us make our Colours roar, so shall we sleep, shall we sleep, and snort, and



snort, and snore; and never be drunk, and never be drunk any more; and never be, never be, never be drunk any more.



E live in Woods, we live in Groves, we scorn all Thoughts but of our Loves; we Laugh and



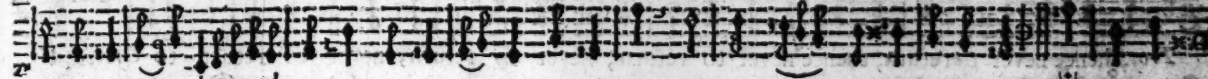
Quaff, till Cocks do crow, and grieve but when our Cups run low.



Red is our Noses, red is our Faces, rich is our Faces, free Mettle all, but of no pace.



We cannot Card, we cannot Spin, but we can drink, but we can drink all out, all out, all



out that sin. We have no art to turn the Wheel, and yet we dare be bold to Reel, to Reel, be bold to Reel.



Oh! let us make our Colours roar, let us make our Colours roar, so shall we sleep, shall we sleep, and



snore, and snore; and never be drunk, and never be drunk any more; and never be, never be, never be drunk any more.

A. 2. Voc.

[Old Chiron.]

[CANTUS.]

Mr. Mich. Wise.

OLD Chiron thus Preach'd to his Pupil *Achilles*, I'll tell you, I'll tell you, young Gentleman,

what the Fate's will is: You my Boy, you my Boy, must go, must go, the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of

Troy, thence never to return, thence never to return, never to return, never to return to *Greece* a-

gain, but before those Walls to be slain, but before those Walls to be slain, before those Walls, those Walls to be slain.

Let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage,

let not your noble courage be cast down, but all the while you lye before the Town, drink, all the while

drink, all the while you lye before the Town drink, and drive Care away, drink and be merry, you'll ne're go the

sooner, you'll ne're go the sooner, you'll ne're go the sooner to the *Sty-gean Ferry*.

Mr. Mich. Wise.

[BASS V.S.]

[Old Chiton.]

A. 2. Voc.

6

LD Chiton thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles, I'll tell you young Gentleman, what the Fate's

will is: You my Boy, you my Boy, must go, must go, the Gods will have it so, to the Siege of Troy, thence

never to return, thence never to return, never to return to Greece again, but before those

Walls to be slain, but before those Walls to be slain, Let not your noble courage

be cast down, let not your noble courage be cast down, let not your noble courage be cast down,

let not your noble courage be cast down, but all the while you lye before the Town, drink, all the while

drink, all the while you lye before the Town, drink, and drive Care away, drink and be merry, you I

never go the sooner, the sooner, you'll never go the sooner to the Strymon Ferry.

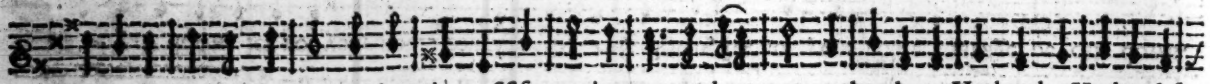
7



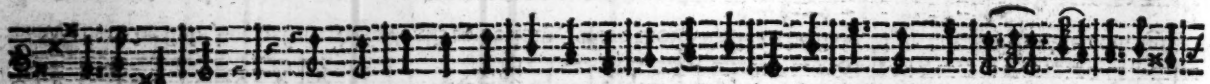
Hat ayles the old Fool! why dost thou not drink, and eat of the best, and welcom thy Friend, at



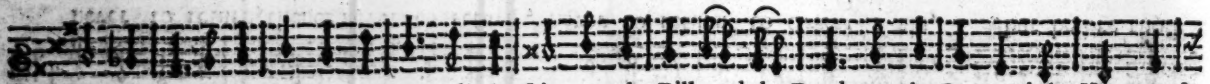
this time of day so near to thine end, why dost thou not make the best use of thy Chink? Let that Bag of



Guineys be sent to the Poor, to thy Nièce of fifteen give two or three more, to buy her a Husband, a Husband, for



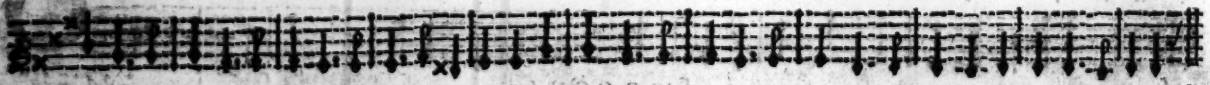
fear she turn Where. For when once the Physician has given thee o're, thy Heir will come lea-ping in at the



Door, and ri-sle thy Coffers, and gree-di-ly feize, on thy Bills and thy Bonds, on thy Bags and thy Keys; and



think that he richly deserves all thy Gold, if he Laugh, Lau—gh not out-right before thou art cold: And the



Youth that appear'd so demure, so demure, and so civil, what thou go'st to Hell for, what thou go'st to Hell for, he'll spend at the Devil.

2. 5. Vol. [The Miller.] Basses of the Job-Da-hone. Mr. Mich. Wisc.

That ayles the old Fool: why dost thou not drink, and eat of the best, and welcome thy friend at

this time of day to hear to thine end, why dost thou not make the best use of thy Chink? Loos that Bag of

Lawneys be lent to the poor, for thy Vice of fifteen gives two or three more, to buy her a Husband, for

that she turn Whore. For when once the Play sign has given thee a re, thy Hair will come leaping, come

leaping in at the Door, and rise thy Coats, and greedily seize on thy Bills and thy Bonds, on thy

Days and thy Keys; and think that he richly deserves all thy Gold, if he can right out out-right before thou art cold. And the

Youth that appear'd to denure, to denure, and to civil, what thou go'st to Hell for, what thou go'st to Hell for, he's found at the Devil.

A. 2. Voc.

[Adieu to his Mistress.]

CANTUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

8

Come lay by all Care, e'ne let her go; fill up the Glas'till it o—ver-flow; if the
 Drawer prove right, no Mi—strefs like Wine, she'l charm all your Senses, and Fancies refine: To
 humour a Creature will change like the Moon, sometimes she'l be kind, then dogged as soon;
 yethee leave off love'l mind her no more, and 'tis for—ty to one if she be'nt a damn'd Whore.

CHORUS.

Then drink about free—ly, then drink about freely, whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now, now in your
 pow'r; then drink about freely, then drink, then drink, drink about, drink about freely, whilst now in your
 pow'r, ne're lose the great Blessing, ne're lose the great Blessing of this hap—py hour.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

BASS V.S.

[Adieu to his spiritless.]

8

Come lay by all Care, e'en let her go, fill up the Glass till it o-ver-flow; if the

Drawer prove right, no Mistris like Wine, she'll charm all your Sen-ses, and Fan-cies re-fine: To

humour a Creature will change like the Moon, sometimes she'll be kind, then dog-ged as soon;

Dilce leave off! we'l mind her no more, and tis for-ty to one if she be not a damnd Whore.

CHORUS.

Then drink about freely, then drink about freely, whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now in your

pow'r, then drink about freely, then drink about freely, then drink, drink about freely, whilst now in your

pow'r, ne're lose the great Blessing, ne're lose the great Blessing of this happy hour.



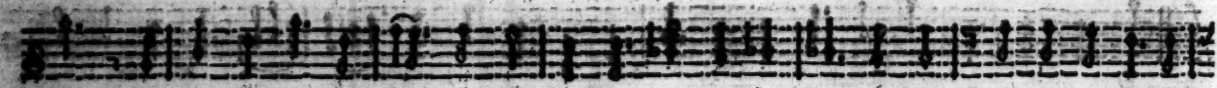
Ne Night, scarce had the weary'd Sun just kiss'd the Earth, and bid a-dieu, e're we our grand De-



bauch be-gun, and made the Hoghead spew: But yet the pale-fac'd Moon stood by, and ne're was

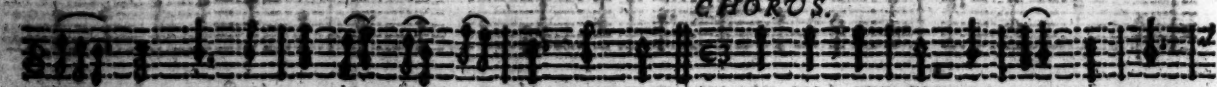


seen to baulk her Glas; we drank to all the Stars & Sky, and made her Highness pale & th'



Face. The sturdy Jade kept still her Course, nor could our Claret fetch her down; but yet her Compli-

CHORUS.



sance was great, the kindly high—ted each Man home. Such is thy Care o're Mortals shown,



Bacchus, who dares thy Power prophane; the Moon and Stars as—sert thy Throne, and fix—es



thy E-ter-nal Reign.

Ne Night leare had the weary'd Sun just kiss'd the Earth, and bid adieu, ere we our grand De-

bauch be-gun, and made the Hogweed spew: But yet the pale-faced Moon stood by, and ne're was

seen to baulk her Glaz, we drank to all the Stars i'th Sky, and made her Higbness pale i'th

Face: The sturdy Jade kept still, kept still her Courte, nor could our Claret fetch her down: but yet, but

CHORUS.

yet her Complaisance was great, the kind-ly lighted each Man home: Such is thy Care o're Mortals

known, Jacobus who dares thy Pow'r prophane; the Moon and Stars as-ert thy Throne, and hixes

thy E-est-nal Regency to King Jacobus.

10

Ow great are the Blessings of Government made, by the excellent Rule of our Prince; who while
 Troubles and Cares do his Pleasures invade, to his People all Joy does dispencc! and while he for us is still
 carking and thinking, we've nothing to mind but our Shops and our Trade; and then to di-vert us with
 drinking and then to divert, to divert us with drinking. From him we derive all our Pleasure, our Pleasure, and
 Wealth: Then fill me a Glas, may fill it up, fill it up higher, my Soul is a-thirst for His Majesty's Health; then
 fill, fill, fill it up higher, my Soul is a-thirst for His Majesty's Health, and an Ocean of Drink cannot
 quench my Desire: Since all we enjoy to His Bounty we owe, 'tis fit all our Bumpers like that thou'd o-re-
 w, 'tis fit all our Bumpers, 'tis fit all our Butapens like that thou'd o'rfellow.

OW great are the Blessings of Government made, by the excellent Rule of our Prince! who while

Troubles and Cares do his Pleasures invade, to his People all Joy does dispence; and while he for us is still

carling and thinking, we've nothing to mind but our Shops and our Trade; and then to di-vert us with

drinking, and then to divert us with drinking. From him we derive all our Pleasure and Wealth: Then

fill me a Glass, then fill me a Glass, may fill, fill, fill it up higher; my Soul is a-thirst for His Ma-jes-ty's

Health; my Soul is a-thirst for His Ma-jes-ty's Health, and an Ocean of Drink cannot quench my Desire: Since

all we enjoy to his Bounty we owe, tis fit all our Bumpers, tis fit all our Bumpers like that thou do re-

no, like that, like that, should o'flow,

A SONG upon the late Victory over the REBELS in the West.

CANTUS.

Mr. John Jackson.

11

Al. 2. Voc.



He Storm is all o-ver, a Hal-cy-on Calm has smooth'd the rough Face of the



Sea; crown e-ve-ry Glas with a Gar-land of Palm, the Em-blem of Vi-cto-ry: Great



Love the proud *Asian* subdu'd in a trice, that we may for ever, that we may for e-ver, for

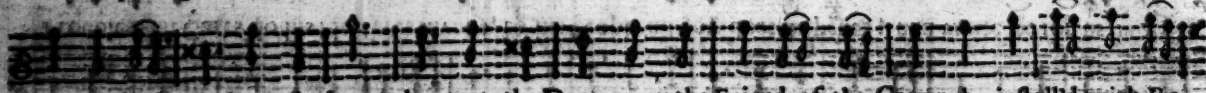
CHORUS.



e-ver re-joyce. Then a Health to that one, whom Heav'n to the Throne, did in spite of Pre-



tenders, in spite of Pre-ten-ders restore; may the Friends of the Crown be install'd with Re-



nown, and his E-ne-mies hang, hang at the Door; may the Friends of the Crown be install'd with Re-



nown, and his E-ne-mies hang, hang, hang at the Door.

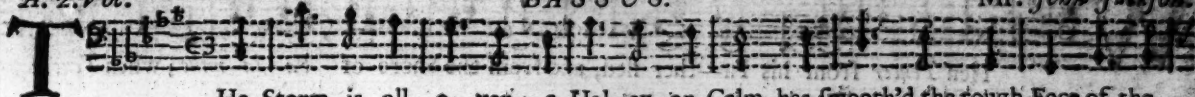
A SONG upon the late Victory over the REBELS in the West.

A. 2. Voc.

BASSUS.

Mr. John Jackson.

II



He Storm is all o—ver; a Hal-cy-on Calm has smooth'd the rough Face of the



Sea; crown-e—ve—ry Glas with a Gar-land of Palm, the Em-blem of Vi-cto-ry: Great



Jove the proud Titan subdu'd in a trice, that we may for e—ver, that we may for e—ver, for

CHORUS.



e—ver rejoyce. Then a Health to that one, whom Heav'n to the Throne, did in spite of Pre-



tenders, Pretenders restore; may the Friends of the Crown be install'd with Renown, and his E-ne-mies



hang, hang, hang at the Door; may the Friends of the Crown be install'd with Renown, and his



E-ne-mies hang, hang at the Door.

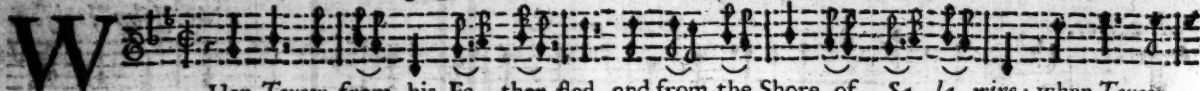
A. 2. Voc.

[Teucer's Voyage.]

CANTUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

12



Hen Teucer from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore of Sa—la—mine; when Teucer



from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore of Sa—la—mine, and from the Shore of Sa—la—mine; with a



Poplar wreath he crown'd his Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge—ne—rous Wine,



and thus to his droo—ping Friends he said, and thus to his droo—ping Friends he said:



Chear up my Hearts, cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil debar, Chance is a



better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better Father far; and a bet—ter Country, a bet—ter, better

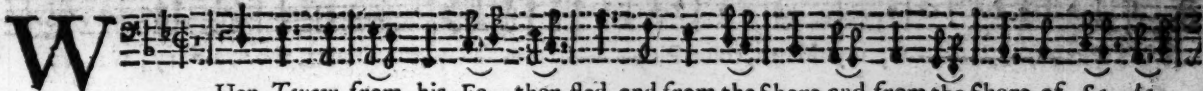


Country is the Sea: Then cheer up my Hearts, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh. Come

Plow,

*
G
*

12



Hen Tencer from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore, and from the Shore, of Sa—la—



mine; when Tencer from his Fa—ther fled, and from the Shore of Sa-la-mine; with a Poplar



Wreath he crown'd his Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge—ne—rous Wine, and thus to his



droo ——— ping Friends he said, and thus to his droo ——— ping Friends he said:



Chear up my Hearts, cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil debar,




Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better Father far, and a bet—ter Country, a better



Country is the Sea: Then cheer up my Hearts, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh.



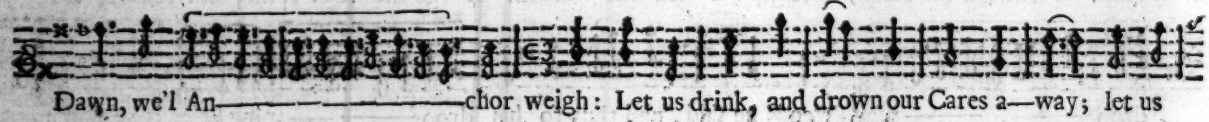
Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w, my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try



way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not un—der my Command; we that have known, have known the



worst, we that have known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's



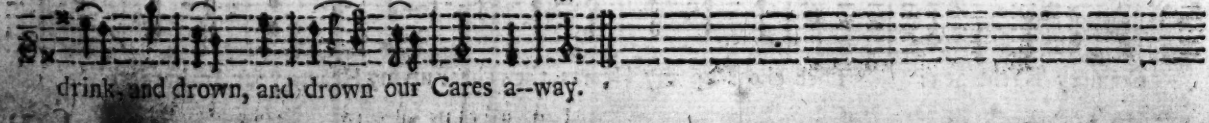
Dawn, we'l An—chor weigh: Let us drink, and drown our Cares a—way; let us



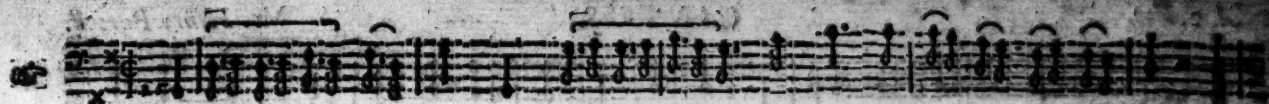
drink, and drown our Cares away, and drown our Cares, and drown our Cares; let us drink, let us



drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, and drown, and drown our Cares a-way; let us



drink, and drown, and drown our Cares a-way.



Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w, my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try way, and



fear not, and fear not, fear not, under my Command; we that have known, have known the worst, we that have



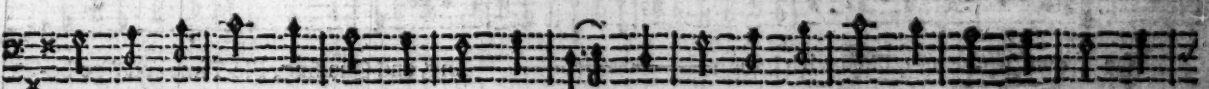
known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's Dawn, we'll An—chor weigh:



Let us drink, and drown our Cares; let us drink, and drown our Cares away; let us drink, let us



drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, and drown, and drown our Cares a—



way; let us drink, and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink, and drown, and drown our



Cares a—way.



Ho' my Mist-refs be fair, yet froward, yet froward she's too, then hang the dull



Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will of-fer, will of-fer to woo; but 'tis Wine, brave



Wine, 'tis Liquor, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor, that's much more sublime, much bris-ker and



quicker, much, much, much bris-ker and quicker; it in sparkles smiles on me, tho'



she frown up-on me: Then with Laugh- ing, and Quaffing, I'll Time and Age be-



guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile.

Come

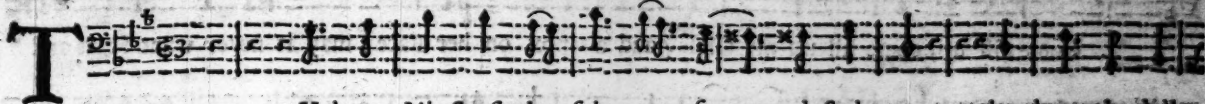


A. 2 Voc.

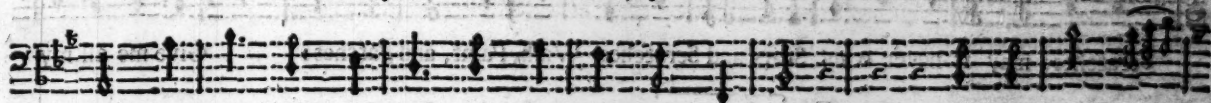
BASSUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

13



Ho' my Mi-strefs be fair, yet fro-ward she's too, then hang the dull



Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will of-fer to woo: But 'tis Wine, brave



Wine, 'tis Li-quor, good Li-quor, that's much more sublime, much bris-ker and



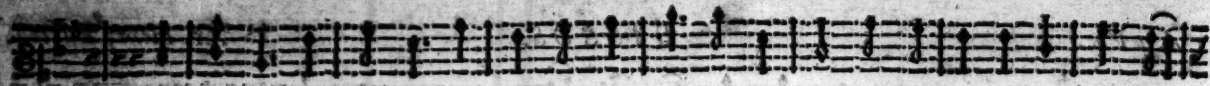
quicker, much, much, much bris-ker and quicker; it in spar-kles smiles on me, tho



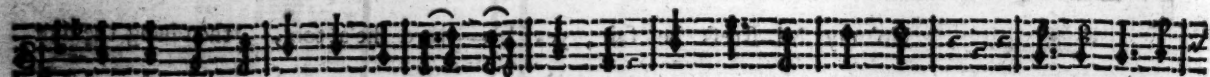
she frown up-on me: Then with Laugh ————— ing, and Quaffing, I'll Time and Age be-



guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, to my Drink and a Smile



Come fill up, come fill up my Glas, and a—pox on her Face; may it never want Scars and



Scratches, may it never want Scars and Scratches, Wash, Paint, and Patches: Give me all my



drin-king Ma-ga-zine, I'lle blo—w up the scorn-ful Quean; give me Bot-tles and



Jugs, the Glas-ses and Mugs, I'lle hug 'em, and tug 'em, I'lle hug 'em, and tug 'em, and



Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl before, than e're I did, than e're I



did the pee—vish Girl be-fore.





Come fill up my Glas, come fill up my Glas, and a—pox on her Face; may it never, may it



never want Scars, want Scars and Scratches, Wash, Paint, and Patches: Give me all my drin—king Maga-



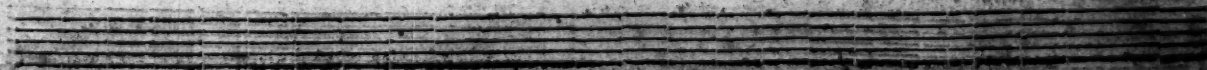
zine, give me all, I'lle blo—w up the scornful Qüean; give me Bottles and Jugs, the



Glasses and Mugs, I'lle hug 'em, I'lle hug 'em, and tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I



did the pee—vish Girl be—fore, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl before.





Mr. Henry Purcell.

BASSUS.

K 2

He-charis-f's grown old, and al-most past sport, she to Co-her Phy-si-cian at

last does resort; him kindly she greets, and his Counsel intrcats, how best, with her Health, she may

tast of Love's Sweets? Why Madam (quoth he) if my Judgment be right, in the Morning, in the

Morning tis Physick, a Banquet at Night: She smiling, reply'd, I'll take each in its turn; For my

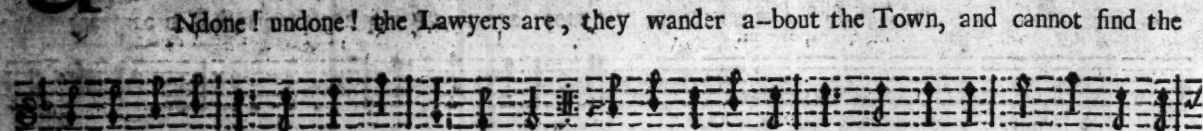
Pleasure at Night, and for Health in the Morn'.

A SONG made on the Downfall, or pulling down, of *Charing-Cross*, An. Dom. 1642.

A. 3. Voc.

CANTUS.

Mr. F. Farmeloe.



II.
The Parliament to Vote it down, conceiv'd it very fitting;
For fear it should fall and kill 'em all, 'th' House as they were sitting:
They were inform'd 't had such a Plot, which mad 'em so hard harted,
To give express Command, it should be taken down and carted.

III.
Men talk of Plots, this might been worse for any thing I know,
Than that *Tomkins*, and *Chastinour*, was hang'd for long ago:
But as our Parliament from that, themselves strangely defended;
So still they do discover Plots, before they be inten led.

IV.
For neither Man, Woman, nor Child, will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word against the Parliament.

T' had Letters about it some says, or else it had been freed;
Fore God I'll take my Oath, that it could neither write nor read.

V.
The Committee said, Verily to Popery 'twas bent,
For ought I know it might be so, for to Church it never went:
What with Excise, and other loss, the Kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave 'em ne're a Cross, without Door, nor within.

VI.
Methinks the Common-Council should of it have taken pity,
Cause good old Cross, it always stood so strongly to the City:
Since Crosses you so much disdain, Faith if I was as you,
For fear the King should Rule again, I'd pull down *Tyburn* too.

are at a loss; and chasing, say, That's not the way, they must go by *Charing-Cross*.



way to *Westminster*, now *Charing-Cross* is down: At the end of the *Strand* they make a stand, swearing they



Ndone! undone! the Lawyers are; they wander about the Town, and cannot find the



Mr. F. Farnelee.

MEDUS.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

BASSUS.

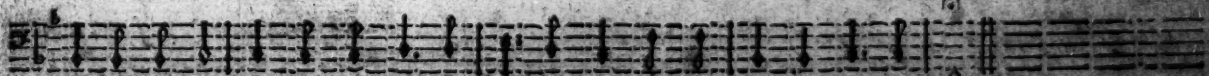
Mr. F. Farnelee.



Ndone! undone! the Lawyers are, they wander a-bout the Town, and cannot find the



way to *Westminster*, now *Charing-Cross* is down: At the end of the *Strand* they make a stand, swearing they



are at a loss; and chasing, say, That's not the way, they must go by *Charing-Cross*.

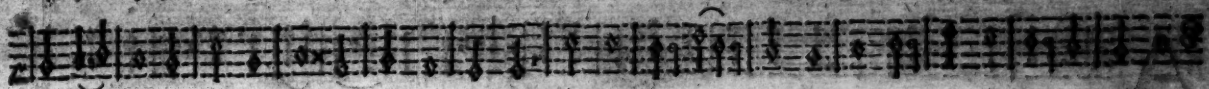
16

M

Or-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Tra-cu-
ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te, Tra-cu-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri,
non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che
fa-te, che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.

Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.

ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te, Tra-cu-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



Or-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Tra-cu-



A. 3. Voc.

[An Italian Air.]

MEDUS.

A. 3. Voc.

[An Italian Air.]

BASSUS.

16

M

Or-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Tra-cu-



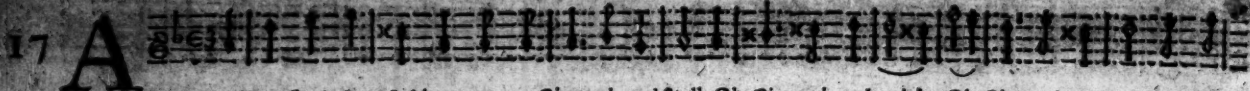
ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te, Tra-cu-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, che fa-te Mortali che



fa-te, che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te



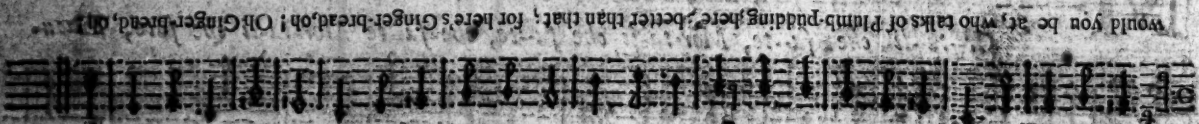
Poor Soul late fighting near a Ginger-bread Stall, Oh Ginger-bread, oh! Oh Ginger-bread, oh! with his



Hands in his Pockets, his Head on the Wall; Oh Ginger-bread, oh! Oh Ginger-bread, oh! You Pye-wives of Smithfield, what



would you be at, who talks of Plumb-pudding, here's better than that, for here's Ginger-bread, oh! Oh Ginger-bread, oh!



Hands in his Pockets, his Head on the Wall; Oh Ginger-bread, oh! Oh Ginger-bread, oh! You Pye-wives of Smithfield, what



Poor Soul late fighting near a Ginger-bread Stall, Oh Ginger-bread, oh! Oh Ginger-bread, oh! with his



Alone

[The Milk-maid's Wealth.]

A Cambridge Catch.

19

Here's a Health to the Milk-maid Boys, a—pox of those Toys, are made up of

Paint, and false Fires, here's a Wench for our use, whose friendly Juice gives warmth to our

Blood, but no Fires.

CHORUS. 3 Voc.

[Now drink off the Tail.]

Turn her up, turn her up Boy, if her Tail chance to heat, and to fool ye: 'tis but turning her

Turn her up Boy, if her Tail chance to heat, and to fool ye: 'tis but

Turn her up Boy, if her Tail chance to heat, and to fool ye,

[Now Drink off the Pail.]

down Boys, she has that on her Head that will cool ye.
 tur—ning her down Boys, she has that on her Head that will cool ye.
 tis but tur—ning her down Boys, she has that on her Head that will cool ye.

The occasion of this Song, was upon a small piece of Platt at the Rose Tavern in Cambridge, being made in the form of a Milk-maid, containing two Drinking-Cups, the Pail on her head, and her Tail below, commonly called, The Milk-maids Boul.

That could the first best Steel
 No sword could enter her
 Which vex'd the Knight with the sword
 As in the old ballad
 The knight was so very for his sword
 And there the night he was
 The knight was so very for his sword
 And there the night he was

For now the fall of the light bear
 And the fall of the light bear
 And the fall of the light bear
 And the fall of the light bear

20

S

IR E-gla-more, that valiant Knight, Fa la, lan-ky down dil-ly; he took up his Sword, and he

went to fight, Fa la, lan-ky down dil-ly: And as he rode o're Hill and Dale, all Armed with a

Coat of Mail, Fa la la, la - la la, lan-ky down dil-ly.

There leap'd a Dragon out of his Den,
That had slain God knows how many Men;
But when she saw Sir Eglamore,
Oh that you had but heard her roar!

Then the Trees began to shake,
Horse did tremble, Man did quake;
The Birds betook them all to peeping,
Oh! 'twould have made one fall a weeping.

But all in vain it was to fear,
For now they fall to't, fight Dog, fight Bear;
And to't they go, and soundly fight
A live-long day, from morn till night.

This Dragon had on a plaguy Hide,
That could the sharpest Steel abide;
No Sword could enter her with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight unto the Guts,

But as in Choler he did burn,
He watch'd the Dragon a great good turn;
For as a yawning she did fall,
He thrust his Sword up Hilt and all.

Then like a Coward she did fly
Unto her Den, which was hard by;
And there she lay all night and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword.
But riding away, he cries, I forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it.

Coat of Male, Fa la lanky down dilly, la la la la la la la la la la la la lanky down dilly.



went to fight, Fa la la lanky down dilly: And as he rode o're Hill and Dale, all Armed with a



I R Eglamore, that valiant Knight, Fa la la lanky down dilly; he took up his sword, and he



MEDUS.

A. 3. Voc.

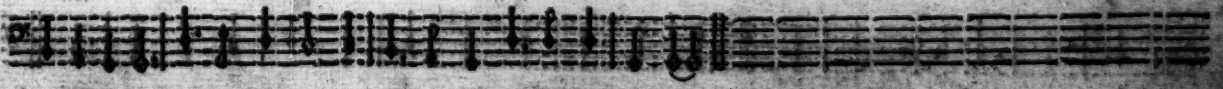
BASSUS.



I R Eglamore, that valiant Knight, Fa la lanky down dilly; he took up his sword, and he went to fight,



Fa la lanky down dilly. And as he rode o're Hill and Dale, all Armed with a Coat of Male, Fa



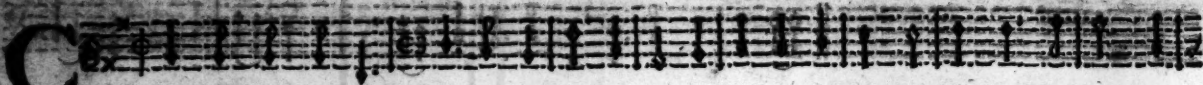
la ta ta la, la la la la la, Fa la la lanky down dilly.

A. 2. Voc.

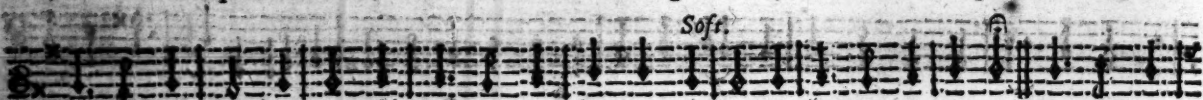
[A Tavern Song, or The Hector's of Holborn.]

Mr. John Banister.

21



All up the Master, oh! this is fine! he brags of many rare Nectors; Liquors of Life; and



sends the bad Wine, to us the Cocks of the Hectors; To us the Cocks of the Hectors: Wine, in which



Flies were drown'd the last Summer, but hang't, let it pass, here's a Health in a Rummer; But hang't, let it



pass, here's a Health in a Rummer. Old Hector's are we, and London's New Troy, fill us more Wine, more Wine;



Ha Drawer, Boy! speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*; Draw'r, Draw'r! a-non Sir, a-non!



George, George! Ralph, Ralph! go speak in the *Star*; the Reeking's unpaid; We'll pay't at the Bar.

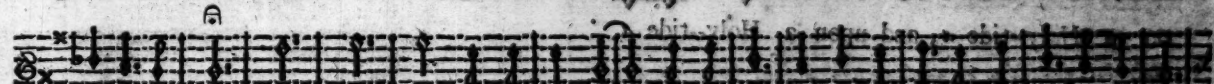
Master.



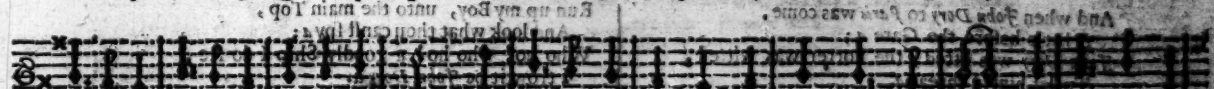
A Quart of Claret in the *Miser*, *Here*, the *Hectors* are Ranting, *Tom!* shut the Door. The Skirmish be-



gins, beware Pates and Shins; the *Pus* pot runs down, and the Candles are put, the *Shilles* are broken, the



Pots fly about. *George!* *Ralph!* speak in the *Che—quer*, By and by; *Ro-bin* is wounded, the *Hectors* do fly;



Call for the Constable, let in the Watch, these *Hectors* of *Holborn* shall meet with their match. At midnight you



send the Justice among us; but all the day long you did us the wrong, when for *Varinus* you sent up *Mundungu*.



Your Rec'nings are large, your Bottles are small, still changing your Wine as fast as we call, your Canary has



Lime in't, your Claret has Stum, tell the Constable this, and then let him come.

A

S it fell on a Holy-day, as it fell on a Holy-day, and upon a Holy-tide, and up-

on a Holy-tide, and upon a Holy-tide.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,

A little before the Gate;
John Dory was fitted, the Porter was witted,
To let him in a threat.

At midnight you

III.

The first Man that John Dory did meet,
Was good King John of France;
John Dory could well of his countenance,
But fell down in a Trance.

IV.

A Pardon, a Pardou, my Liege and King,
For my merry Men, and for me;
And all the Church in merry England,
I'll bring them all bound to thee.

V.

Sir Nichol was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bobile;
And he made a fore a good black Bark,
With fifty good Cars on a side.

Run up my Boy, unto the main Top,

And look what thou canst spy;
Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory.

VII.

Thy hoist their Sails, both top and top,
The Mastin and all wastyd;
And every Man stood to his Lot,
What ever should betide.

VIII.

The Roaring Cannons then were ply'd,
And Dubla-dub went the Drum;
The Gunning Trumpets loud they cry'd,
To 'courage both all and some.

IX.

The grappling Hooks were brought at length,
The known Bill, and the Sword;
John Dory at length, for all his Strength,
Was clapp'd fast under Board.

A Second Part of *John Dory*, made to the same Tune, upon *Sir John* S—
Expedition into Scotland, 1639.

I.

Sir John got him an *embling* Nag,
To Scotland for to ride a;
With a hundred Horse more than his own,
To guard him on each side a.

II.

No *arrant* Knight e're went to fight,
With half so gay a *Serado*;
Had you seen but his *Look*, you'd a sworn on a *Book*,
He'd conquer'd a whole *Armado*.

III.

The *Ladies* run all to the *Windows* to see
So noble and gallant a fight a;
And as he rode by, they began to cry,
Sir John! why will you go to fight a!

IV.

But he like a cruel Knight rode on,
His Heart should not relent a;
For 'till he came there he shew'd no fear,
Why then should he repent a?

V.

The King (God bless) had singular hopes
Of him, and all his *Troop* a;
The *Borders* as they meet him o' his way,
For joy did hollow and *hoop* a.

VI.

None lik'd him so well as his own *Colonel*,
Who took him for *John Du-wart* a;
But when there were shows of *Gunning* and *Blows*,
Sir John was nothing so part a.

VII.

For when the *Scotch Army* came in fight,
All men were prepared to fight a;
He ran to his *Tent*, and ask'd what they meant,
And swore he must needs go fight a.

VIII.

His *Colonel* sent for him back again,
To *Quarter* him in the *Plan* a;
But *Sir John* did *subter*, he came not there,
To be kill'd the very first man a.

IX.

To cure his fear, he was sent *Five* *Reas*,
Some ten miles back and more a;
Where he fell to play at *Tray-trip* for *Hay*,
And ne'er saw the *Enemy* more a.

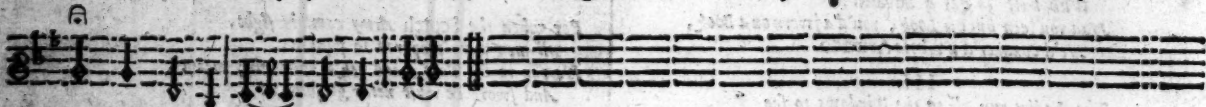
A SONG made on the Power of Women. To the Tune of the Blacksmith.



ILL you give me leave, and I'll tell you a Story, of what has been done by your



Fathers be-fore ye, it shall do you more good than ten of *John Dory*; which no bo-dy can de-



dy, which no bo-dy can de-ny.

'Tis no Story of *Robin Hood*, nor of his Bow-men,
I mean to demonstrate the Power of Women,
It is a Subject that's very common;
Which no body, &c.

What tho' it be, yet I'll keep my Station,
And in spite of Criticks give you my Narration,
For Women now are all in fashion;
Which no body, &c.

Then pray give me Advice as much as you may,
For of all things that ever yet bore sway,
A Woman beareth the Bell away;
Which no body, &c.

The greatest Courage that ever yet rul'd,
Was baffled by Fortune, tho' ne're so well school'd,
But this of the Women can never be cool'd;
Which no body, &c.

I wonder from whence this Power did spring,
Or who the Devil first set up this thing,
That spares neither Peasant, Prince, nor King!
Which no body, &c.

Their Scepter doth Rule from *Caesar* to *Russick*,
From finical *Kit*, to the Soldier so lustick;
In fine, it rules all, tho' ne're so Robustick:
Which no body, &c.

For where is he that writes himself Man,
That ever saw Beauty in *Betty* or *Nan*,
But his Eyes turn'd Pimp, and his Heart trapan?
Which no body, &c.

I fain would know one of *Adam's* Race,
Tho' ne're so holy a Brother of Grace,
If he met a loose Sister, but he wou'd embrace;
Which no body, &c.

What should we talk of Philosophers old,
Whose Desires were hot, tho' their Nature's cold,
But in this kind of Pleasure they commonly rould;
Which no body, &c.

First *Aristotle*, that jolly old fellow,
Wrote much of *Venus*, but little of *Bellona*,
Which shew'd, he lov'd a Wench that was mellow;
Which no body, &c.

From whence do you think he derived his Study,
Produc'd all his Problems; a Subject so muddy?
'Twas playing with her—at Cuddle my Cuddy;
Which no body, &c.

The next in order, is *Socrates* grave,
Who triumph'd in Learning and Knowledge; yet gave
His Heart to *Aspatia*, and became her Slave;
Which no body, &c.

Demosthenes to *Corinth* he took a Voyage,
We shall scarce know the like on't, in thy Age, or my Age,
And all was for a *Modicum Pyage*;
Which no body, &c.

The Proverb in him a whit did not fail,
For he had those things which make Men prevail,
A Sweet Tooth, and a Liqueurice Tayl;
Which no body, &c.

Eyngius and *Solon* was both Law-makers,
And no Men I'm sure are such wiseacres,
To think that themselves would not be partakers;
Which no body, &c.

An Edict they made with Approbation,
If the Husband found fault with his Wives consolation,
He might take another for Procreation;
Which no body, &c.

If the Wife found coming in short,
The same Law did right her upon her Report,
Whereby you may know, they were Lovers o'th Sport;
Which no body, &c.

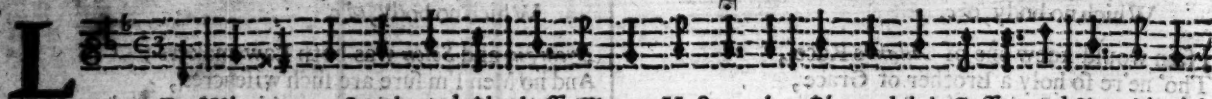
And now let us view the State of a King,
Who is thought to have the World in a String,
By a Woman is captivated; poor thing!
Which no body, &c.

Alexander the Great, who conquered all,
And wept because the World was so small,
In the Queen of the *Amazon's* Pir did fall;
Which no body, &c.

Antonius and *Nero*, and *Caligula*,
Were Rome's Tormenters by night and by day,
Yet Women beat them at their own Play;
Which no body, &c.

A SONG in Praise of the Dairy-maid with her Cream-Pot, and Fair Rose
the Milk-maid. To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

24



Et Wine turn a Spark, and Ale huffo like a Hector, let *Plow* drink Coffee, and *Jove* his rich



Nector; neither Sider nor Sherry, Metheglin nor Perry, shall more make me drunk, which the Vulgar call



Merry: These Drinks o're my Fancy no more shall prevail, but I'll take a full sloop at the merry Milk-pale.

In praise of a Dairy I pur pose to sing,

But all things in order; first, *God save the King* and *W*

And the *Queen*, I may say,

That ev'ry *May-day*

Has many fair *Dairy-maids* all fine and gay's *churn'd* *now* *brA*

Assist me, fair *Damfels*, to finish this Theme,

And inspire my Fancy with *Strawberries* and *Cream*.

The first of fair *Dairy-maids*, if you'll believe,

Was *Adam's* own Wife, your Great Grandmother *Eve*;

She milk'd many a *Cow*,

As well she knew how,

Tho' Butter was not then so cheap as 'tis now:

She hoarded no Butter nor Cheese on a Shelf,

For Butter and Cheese in those days made it self.

In that Age or Time there was no dam'd Money,

Yet the Children of *Israel* fed on Milk and Honey;

No Queen you could see,

Of the highest degree,

But would milk the brown Cow with the mearest she;

Their Lambs gave them Clothing, their Cows gave them Meat,

In a plentiful Peace all their Joys were compleat.

But now of the making of Cheese we shall treat,

That Nurser of Subjects, bold *Britain's* chief Meat;

When they first begin it,

To see how the Renner

Begets the first Curd, you would wonder what's in it:

Then from the blue Whey, when they put the Curds by,

They look just like Amber, or Clouds in the Sky.

VI.

Your *Turkey* Sherbet, and *Arabian* Tea,
Is Dish-water Stuff to a Dish of new Whey;
For it cools Head and Brains,
Ill Vapours it drains,
And tho' your Guts ramble, 'twill ne're hurt your Brains:
Court Ladies i'th' morning will drink a whole Pottle,
And send our their Pages with Tankard and Bottle.

VII.

Thou Daughter of Milk, and Mother of Butter,
Sweet Cream thy due Praises, how shall I utter?
For when at the best,
A thing's well exprest,
We are us'd to reply, That's the Cream of the Jest:
Had I been a Mouie, I believe in my Soul,
I had long since been drowned in a Cream-bowl.

VIII.

The *Elixir* of Milk is the *Dutch*-man's delight,
By motion and tumbling thou bringest to light;
But oh! the soft Stream,
That remains of the Cream,
Old *Morpheus* ne're tasted so sweet in a Dream:
It removes all Obstructions, depresses the Spleen,
And makes an old Baud like a Wench of Fifteen.

IX.

Amongst the rare Virtues that Milk does produce,
A thousand more Dainties are daily in use;
For a Pudding I'll tell ye,
E're it goes in the Belly,
Must have of good Milk, both the Cream and the Jelly:
For a dainty fine Pudding without Cream or Milk,
Is like a Citizen's Wife without Satin or Silk.

X.

In the Virtues of Milk, there's more to be muster'd,
The charming Delights of Cheese-cake and Custard;
For at *Tottenham-Court*
You can have no spare,
Unless you give Custards and Cheese-cakes for't:
And what's the Jack-Pudding that makes you to laugh,
Unless he hath got a great Custard to quaff.

XI.

Both Pancakes and Fritters of Milk have good store,
But a *Devonshire* Whitepot requires much more;
No flate you can think,
Tho' you study and wink,
From the luty Sack-poffet, to the poor Poffet-drink:
But Milk's the Ingredient, tho' Sack's ne're the worse,
For 'tis Sack makes the Man; tho' Milk makes the Nurse.

XII.

But now I shall treat of a Dish that is cool,
A Rich-clouted Cream, or a Gooseberry-Fool;
A Lady I heard tell,
Not far off did dwell,
Made her Husband a Fool, and yet pleas'd him full well:
Give thanks to the Dairy-maid then every Lad,
That from good-natur'd Women such Fools may be had.

XIII.

When the Damsel has got the Cow's Teat in her hand,
How she merrily sings, whilst smiling I stand;
Then with pleasure I rub,
Yet impatient I scrub,
When I think of the Blessings of a Syllabub:
Oh Dairy-maid! Milk-maid! such Bliss ne're oppose
If e're you'll be happy, I spake under the *Rose*.

XIV.

This *Rose* was a Maiden once of your Profession;
Till the Rake and the Spade had taken possession;
At length it was said,
That one Mr. *Edmond*,
Did both dig and sow in her Parsley-bed:
But the Fool for his labour deserves not a Rush,
For grafting a Thistle upon a *Rose*-bush.

XV.

Now Milk-maids take warning by this Maidens fall,
Keep what is your own, and then you keep all;
Mind well your Milk-pan,
And ne're touch a Man,
And you'll still be a Maid, let him do what he can:
I am your Well-wisher, then list' to my word,
And give no more Milk than the Cow can afford.

For a Bass alone,

[Tow of Bedlam: As it was sung at the Theater.]

25



Orth from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep A—byss of Hell; mad Tom is come to



view the World again, to see if he can cure his distemper'd Brain: Fears and Cares oppress my Soul,



hark how the an—gry Fu—ries howl! *Pluto* laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad, to see poor angry Tom of



Bedlam mad. Through the World I wander night and day to find my stragling Senses, in an angry mood I



met old *Time*, with his Pentateuch of Tenses: When me he spies, a—way he flies, for *Time* will stay for



no Man; in vain with Cries, I rend the Skies, for Pi—ty is not common. Cold and comfort—



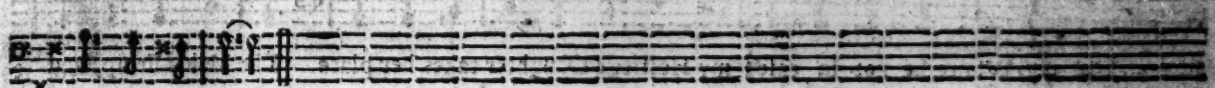
lefs I lye, Help! help! oh help! or else I dye! Hark, I hear *Apollo's* Team, the Carman 'gins to whistle,



Chast *Di—ana* bends her Bow, and the Boar begins to bristle: Come *Vulcan* with Tools and with



Tackles, to knock off my troublefom Shackles; bid *Charles* make ready his Wain; to bring me my



Senses a—gain.

I I.

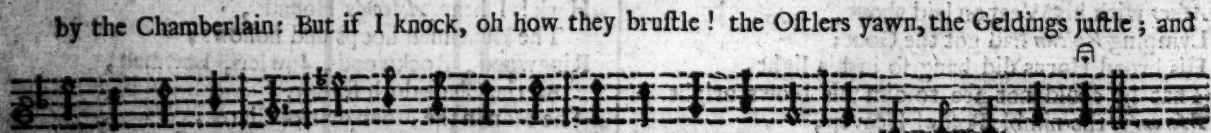
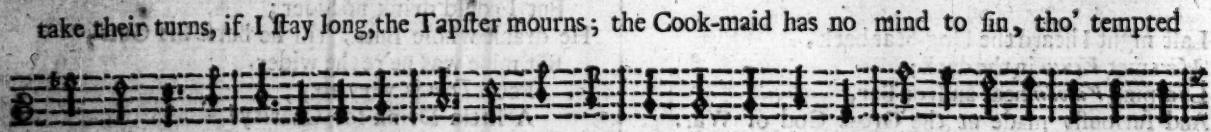
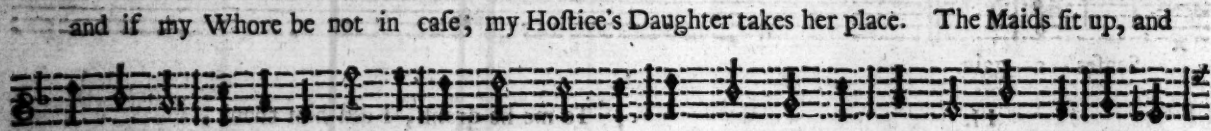
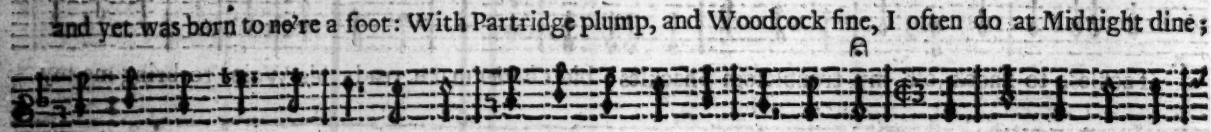
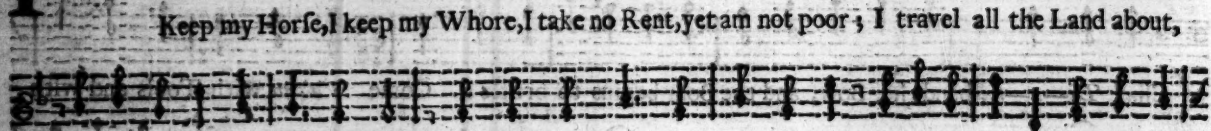
Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the dark;
 Lympling *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
 And furiously made at the Great God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Lympling *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.
Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stood still to see the Quarrel;
 Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*, Gyant-like,
 Besfrid a Strong-beer Barrel:

To me he drank, I did him thank,
 But I could drink no Sider;
 He drank whole Buts, 'till he burst his Guts;
 But mine was ne're the wider.
 Poor *Tom* is very dry,
 A little Drink for Charity!
 Hark! I hear *Alceon's* Hounds,
 The Huntsman hoops and hollows;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chase doth follow.
 The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
 Eats powder'd Beef, Turnep, and Carret;
 But a Cup of Malaga Sack
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

[The Banditte.]

A Song in the Play of Henry the Fourth.

26



F I N I S.

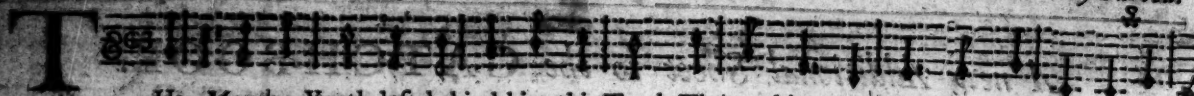
A new Additional Sheet to the CATCHBOOK.

A. A. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Richard Browne.

LET the A-mo-rous Coxcomb a-dore a fine Face, an-hour's En-joy-ment makes him
look like an Afs; let the am-bi-tious Fop to Ho-nour a-spire, he burns with a torment of
boundless Desire; and let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf, he en-ri-ches his Bags, but he
beggars himself: The Lo-ver ambitious, and Miser are Fools, there is no so- lid Joy but in
jolly full Bowls.



He *Macedon* Youth left behind him this Truth, That nothing was done with much thinking; he



drank, and he fought, and he got what he fought, and the World was his own by fair drinking: He



wash'd his great Soul in a plen-ti-ful Boul, he cast a-way Trouble and Sorrow; his Mind did not



run of what was to be done, for he thought of to day, not to morrow.



When *I* and *V* together meet, we make up 6 in House or Street; yet *I* and *V* may meet once



more, and then we 3 can make but 4: But when that *V* from *I* am gone, alas! poor *I* can make but one.

A. 3. 700

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Pa...

4

T He Millers Daughter ri-ding to the Fair, without a Saddle up-on a four-vy Mare, cry'd,

Oh Mother, I'm quite undone, I'm quite undone, I'm all, all o'regrown with Hair! Away you filly Daughter, 'tis

ev'—ry She's concern, and if you won't believe me, look here, look here, here, look here, here, look here,

look here, here, and you may learn; then taking her aside, she made the matter plain, O—h Mother, you're

ten times worfe! Oh, you're ten times worfe! you're ten times worfe! you're ten times worfe! why sure, you rid up—

on the Main!

[ALTO S.]

Dr. John Blow.

Vain are thy Charms, fair Creature! I forbear to in-voke *Eu-cha-ri-a*; vain are thy Charms, fair Creature! I for-bear to invoke *Eu-cha-ri-a*, lest the grant my Pray'r: He dear-ly buys his Life in a Disease, who has froward Children, and a Wife to please; he dear-ly buys his Life in a Disease, who has fro-ward Children, and a Wife to please.

in a Disease, who has froward Children, and a Wife to please.
 in a Disease, who has froward Children, and a Wife to please; he dear-ly buys his Life
 grant my Pray'r, to in-voke *Eu-cha-ri-a*, lest the grant my Pray'r. He dear-ly buys his Life
 Vain are thy Charms, fair Creature! I forbear to invoke *Eu-cha-ri-a*, lest the

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

6



N Ape, a Lyon, a Fox, and an Ass, do shew forth Man's Life as it were in a Glas; for



A—pish we are 'till Twenty and one, and af—ter that, Ly—ons 'till Forty be gone: Then witty as



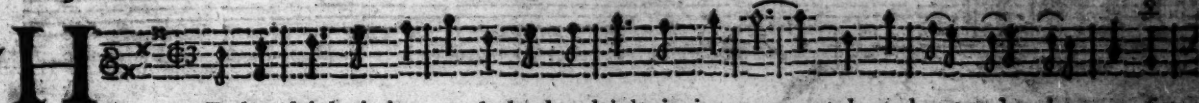
Foxes 'till Threescore and ten, but after that Asses, and so no more Men.

A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.

7



E that drinks is immortal, he that drinks is im—mor—tal, and can ne're de—cay; for



Wine still supply, for Wine still supply, what Age wea—rs away; how can he be Dust, how



can he be Dust, that moistens his Clay?

3. Voc.

[A Catch.]

Mr. Henry Purcell.



IS too late for a Coach, and too soon to reel home, we have freedom to stagger when the



Town is our own; let's while it away, and whip Six—pen-ces round, 'till the Drawers are founder'd, and the



Hoghead does found: The Glas stays with you Tom, save your Tide, pull a—way, one minute of Midnight is



worth a whole Day.

3. Voc.

[Mr. Michael Wife's Dinner.]



Ake a La-dle and a Skimmer, and a Crock that has nothing in it, and boyl them all to—



gether, they'l make but a forry Dinner, a forry Dinner.

A. 3. Voc.

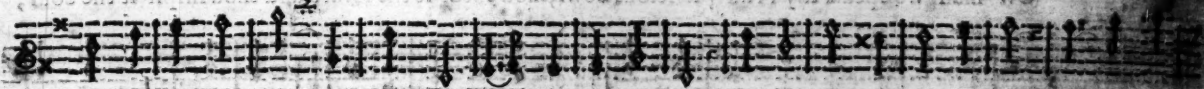
[A Catch.]

Mr. John

10



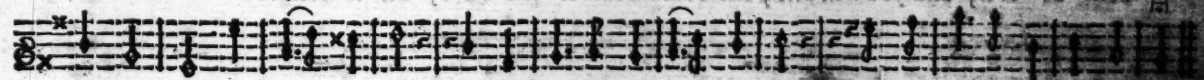
Prethee *Willy*, tell me now, tell me, tell me now, how shall I, how shall I



lead a happy Life? Why, leave all Pleasure for a Plough, leave all Pleasure for a Plough, if you wou'd



never live at Strife, wou'd never, wou'd never live at Strife; and take a Farm in a Country Town, and



keep a Cow, and keep a Cow, and at last take a Country Wife, and at last take a Country Wife.

A. 4. Voc.

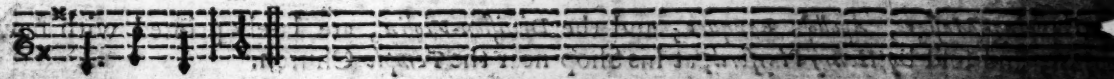
[A Catch.]

Mr. Richard Brown

11



HE good or ill hap of a good or ill Life, is the good or ill hap of



good or ill Wife.

[In Praise of the Punch-Bowl.]

Dr. John Blow.

shall we speak thy Praise, delicious Bowl, thou cheer'st the Heart, and thou inspir'st the Soul;

of Nectar to Divine can boast, Am-bro-sia is in-si-pid to thy Toast: Drink here, you

Wit, and you will own, the Punch-Bowl is the on-ly He-li-con.

FINIS

[Adieu.]

ADVERTISEMENT

Apollon's Banquet, and the Divison-Violin, are lately printed with new
by Henry Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church.

